The Nation

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The Week

President Wilson expresses his belief that a lobby has been at work in Washington seeking to embroil this country with Mexico. This is a grave charge which should not be lightly made. But the fact had been explicitly asserted in the Senate. On Thursday, August 7, Senator Smith, of Michigan, a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, declared it as his opinion that "there is at the present moment in this capital a thorough, practical, systematic lobby, putting forth their revolutionary propaganda with a serious and a definite object of affecting the American attitude towards the Government of Mexico." He was referring to the activities of the former friends of Madero, and to the present supporters of Carranza, with the Constitutionalists in general. But on last Saturday, when the matter came up again for debate, Senator Williams was at once more definite and more sweeping.

In the statement which President Wilson authorized, he intimated that the war lobby was no longer formidable. He believes that it will not now be able to interfere with the Administration's patient and cautious course in dealing with Mexico. Indeed, there has been a marked and grateful falling off in war talk. Senators are speaking less on the Mexican difficulty, and more temperately. Most significant of all, the Hearst newspapers, which for some time pursued a campaign for war with Mexico, lampooning Secretary Bryan, caricaturing President Wilson, and seeking to work up a furor for a "strong" policy towards Mexico, have suddenly shown signs of quitting. They were getting no response; their own motives were falling under more glaring suspicion; and one fiasco after another marked their agitation. The latest is the outcome of urgent appeals for American protection based upon sensational stories of atrocities committed against Americans on a Hearst ranch in the state of Tabasco. A war vessel was sent to investigate, and its commander has reported:

> American subjects not in danger; American subjects have not been threatened; American subjects and foreign subjects have received proper protection from the Mexican authorities. Americans do not desire transportation to leave; American property has not been destroyed, and American interests have not been endangered. The Mexican rebels have committed depredations on an American ranch sixty miles distant, but nobody has been endangered.

When Senator Lippitt, of Rhode Island, declares that the cotton schedules in the tariff bill favor the manufacturers of the South as against New England, he touches upon one of the vital principles of protectionism. Against whom does protection protect? At first thought, any child can answer the question. Fifty years of Republican oratory have made it plain that Dingleyism protects the industries of the nation against the outside world, and the American workingman against his pauper competitors. But now comes a fervent protest against the removal of a tariff wall which protects New England against the South. This is what the patriotism of the high tariff brokers simmers down to. It is not one for all and all for one when it comes to cotton schedules, but Rhode Island against Georgia and Alabama. It is not nationalism, but sectionalism in a geographical sense, even as protection in essence is sectionalism in a class sense when it assures high profits to the mill-owner, the wool-baron, and the lemon-king, at the expense of the public at large. The special interests are not worrying about their enemies abroad; what they demand is to be "protected" against the great mass of their countrymen.

With the assent of more than twenty nations to the general provisions of Secretary Bryan's peace plan, the drafting of the first treaty with San Salvador gives hope of future agreements of the same definite sort. In this instance it may seem hard to regard the first step as the most important. From one point of view, assurance that full arbitration will always precede war with little San Salvador is not a great note. But Salvador may view the matter differently; and if the treaty leads to others in Latin-America, the benefits of the plan will have become tangible. Treaties with and between the great European Powers may then begin to seem possible. In the light of Secretary Bryan's declaration that to further world peace would be his chief ambition in office, this first bit of real accomplishment entitles him to a feeling of gratification.

The resolution for the impeachment of Gov. Sulzer smacks rather too much of drag-net procedure. It looks as if the Frawley Committee were not sure of its ground and had put in about everything it could think of—including some matters upon which it has not taken testimony, so far as we are aware—in order to meet every objection. Lest it be alleged that it is seeking to impeach the Governor for acts committed prior to his inauguration, it asserts that he has been corrupt in office. Was it its duty to report that the Governor "wilfully and corruptly made false public statements"? This only weakens the effect of the indictment. There should have been no appearance of haste in this matter. It is of the utmost importance to the State that this State trial should proceed in an orderly and dignified way, and that the Governor be given not only every right, but due and proper consideration. We believe that he should have resigned, but if he chooses to face trial, then he is entitled to fair play, and the State's reputation will suffer further if this most solemn proceeding is not conducted with scrupulous consideration for the rights of the accused.

If the case of Judge Ben B. Lindsey is to be submitted to the voters of Denver under the recall, we do not envy the task of the citizens in deciding whether the Judge has or has not made good in office. Writing to the Boston *Transcript*, a well-known Boston clergyman, the Rev. A. A. Berle, just back from Colorado, says: "If you want thrills in Denver, all you have to do is to mention Judge Lindsey. He is the best of men, the worst of men, the idol of righteousness, and the demon of iniquity. You take your choice." . . . Mr. Berle thinks that in the last analysis the question will turn upon the character and intelligence of

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the authorities one consults and accepts. Many men of eminence in public affairs assured Mr. Berle that Judge Lindsey was "neither by temperament, ability, nor any other qualification, the man to be at the head of the Juvenile Court." Among the university-bred population, he reports, "I could not run down any man who would give him unqualified endorsement, while the overwhelming opinion was such as to make the wnole Lindsey story as the country knows it and his Juvenile Court one of the hugest gold bricks the country has ever had passed out to it." He feels, too, that the court record of Judge Lindsey's action in eighty-four cases of criminal assault upon young girls shows that the court "sadly needs overhauling." On the other hand, we have newspapers, like the Philadelphia *North American*, asserting that all this is merely "the Beast" at work again, and raising funds to help Judge Lindsey defend himself. It seems to be a case rather for a careful judicial inquiry than for rough judgment by the voters.

The death of Senator Johnston, of Alabama, is the second event of the kind to impair the narrow Democratic majority in the upper house of Congress. The loss of Senator Rayner was peculiarly hard, from a party point of view, not only because of his fine debating ability, but because it came at one of those rare times when a Republican Governor sits at Annapolis. Accordingly, as the Legislature was not in session and would not be for a year, a Republican took Rayner's place. Equally untimely is Senator Johnston's death. Ordinarily, the Governor of Alabama would have named a successor, a Democrat, of course, and the party strength would remain as before. But with the adoption of the Seventeenth Amendment, all existing laws relating to the filling of vacancies in the Senate were swept away, along with the old provision for the election of Senators. And in Alabama, as in Maryland, the Legislature has not met since the adoption of the Amendment. If Senator Rayner's death had occurred after the adoption of the Seventeenth Amendment, the Democratic majority would have been reduced by one instead of two.

The extraordinarily heavy mortality among aviators in the course of the present year may be accounted for in two ways. One is that airmen are constantly pressing forward to the solution of more difficult problems involving greater hazard to life. The other explanation is that the proportional number of accidents is really no greater than formerly. Airmanship has become a profession that must now count its followers by the thousand. Aeroplane flights which a few years ago were topics for newspaper record are now a matter of almost daily routine; it is aerial journeys across or between continents that we are now interested in. If complete statistics of the number of miles traversed by all aviators since the beginning of the present year were available, it might well appear that the mortality rate is not so high as we imagine it to be. At the same time, it must remain a puzzle why, after so many years of aeroplane building, fatalities due to structural defects should be common. It seems to be agreed that Col. F. S. Cody was killed because his machine buckled and broke under the weight of its engine. Surely, if a standard for testing materials is essential in any field it is in this hazardous profession.

People who form their ideas of Chicago from the sort of novel that ocean liners carry should notice the verdict of Maurice Browne, the English founder of the Little Theatre there. He went to Chicago with the usual misgivings. His thought was that he would need five years to establish himself. But as in the first season he not only paid all expenses, but recouped half of his capital outlay, he would naturally be expected to say handsome things of the city. Is it against the charge of rampant commercialism that he defends it? Not at all—a public that would crowd to see Professor Murray's translation of Æschylus, besides Synge, Yeats, Maeterlinck, and Sudermann in an amber and white setting, with Japanese designs, makes such considerations ridiculous. Mr. Browne's defiance is hurled instead at those who accuse the city of the effete and degenerate neuroticism of Vienna. He cites the failure of attendance upon Schnitzler's "Anatol" and Strindberg's "Creditors" as evidence that "public taste in Chicago is not so decadent as has been maintained." On the contrary, sanity of view leans to the other extreme. Commenting on the Chicagoans' desire for an American drama, he predicts local playwrights and a local theatre, "if they can steer clear on the one hand of their sentimental enthusiasm, and on the other of their moral uplift idea." Londoners can probably form little idea of Chicago's amazement when it learns that this manager thought such a line of vindication demanded. Her citizens may appreciate modern drama—but Schnitzlerism and old-world decadence! As a French critic has just pointed out, they regard themselves as altogether too busy for such things.

The case against the shabby policy pursued by this Government with regard to its Ambassadors abroad is too strong to be prejudiced even by the somewhat exaggerated position assumed by our Ambassador to Germany. That Mr. Gerard should be compelled to pay out in rent $1,500 more than his salary is, at first sight, an imposition and a disgrace, but the sense of outrage is somewhat mitigated by the consideration that $1,500 more than the salary means $19,000. For that sum one can obtain a very comfortable home, even in New York. In Berlin a rental of 80,000 marks is a very handsome figure indeed. It recalls what Mr. Dooley said about our Ambassador at St. Petersburg driving from his residence to the comparatively squalid quarters of the Czar.

For some years there has been a rather acrid debate over the relation of Charlotte Brontë to Prof. Constantin Heger (the name is properly so spelled, without an accent), the master of the school at Brussels and the original of the hero of "Villette." Now, at last, Dr. Paul Heger, son of Charlotte's teacher, has presented to the British Museum four letters of Charlotte to his father, and these have been published in the London *Times* of July 29 and 30, with an English translation by Marion H. Spielmann and various comments. There is nothing to regret in the publication. The writer's character comes out unscathed, rather ennobled, if changed to us in any way. But the letters show that she brought back with her to Haworth a longing for the society of the man she revered as her master, and a craving to hear from him. In one letter, the third, the note becomes passionate

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with revolt against the isolation of her life. We transcribe a few lines from Miss Spielmann's translation:

> Mr. Taylor has returned. I asked him if he had a letter for me. "No; nothing." "Patience," said I, "his sister will be here soon." Miss Taylor has returned. "I have nothing for you from Monsieur Heger," says she; "neither letter nor message." . . .
>
> Day and night I find neither rest nor peace. In sleep I am disturbed by tormenting dreams in which I see you, always severe, always grave, always incensed against me. . . .
>
> I know that you will be irritated when you read this letter. You will say once more that I am hysterical [or neurotic]—that I have black thoughts, etc. So be it, Monsieur; I do not seek to justify myself; I submit to every sort of reproach. All I know is, that I cannot, that I will not, resign myself to lose wholly the friendship of my master. I would rather suffer the greatest physical pain than always have my heart lacerated by smarting regrets. . . .

It would not be easy to characterize with a word the state of the writer's heart and mind as she made this piteous appeal; she herself would have shrunk from any such analysis of her feelings. But it is clear that this passionate regret helped to form the genius that went into the making of "Villette" and "Jane Eyre."

A recent suit for libel in England was treated by press and public as if it were big with the fate of the Empire. The newspapers printed columns about the trial, and it was the one subject of conversation. Yet it was only a horse-trainer prosecuting the editor of a Turf paper for asserting that he was crooked. This trainer, however, Wooton by name, had for years been a great figure in the racing world. As a skilled handler of horses, he had had noble and even royal clients. As witnesses to his good character Lord Derby and Lord Durham appeared in court. And he had the eminent K.C., Mr. F. E. Smith, conduct his case. The defendant's plea was justification. Himself not above suspicion for having been mixed up in racing scandals, he managed his own trial in a somewhat irregular way, legally speaking, but with a great deal of effect. His cross-examination of Wooton was most severe; and on the strength of admissions wrung from that witness, and of independent evidence introduced, he boldly argued to the jury that what he had alleged was no libel but the exact truth—namely, that there was a betting "ring" on the Turf, of which Wooton was chief agent, and that horses were "pulled," that there was "in-and-out racing," and that stables deliberately waged in private against the horses with which they had "declared to win." Apparently, the jury was impressed, for it promptly brought in a verdict giving Wooton one farthing damages, and at its announcement the courtroom broke into applause. The grave implications of this outcome are everywhere admitted in England. It is taken as proof positive that, as one newspaper puts it, the Turf in England has become too "slippery" for an honest man to stand on. We know, however, that there is Scriptural warrant for saying that sinners stand on slippery places.

The findings of the court-martial in the case of the German War Office and the Krupps are in line with the contentions advanced by an exceptionally tender-hearted prosecutor, that the charge of betrayal of army secrets resolves itself into a question of a few "quill drivers babbling over their beer." An odd half-dozen lieutenants have received light sentences. No army official of standing has been involved. The principal lesson of the whole affair would thus seem to be that the Krupp management ought to revise its office procedure in the direction of avoiding waste. The agents of this huge corporation have been spending time and money in the entertainment of petty lieutenants and clerks, when all the world knows that the Krupps are virtually a department of the German Government and army, and as such in possession of secrets of the highest importance. This close connection between Berlin and Essen stands affirmed in the words of the court, and so lends added strength to the main implication of Dr. Liebknecht's original charge that there is in Germany, as in other countries, an unduly intimate bond between the war-makers and the gun and armor-makers.

The Balkan allies emerge from the recent conflict with gains disproportionate to the value of their achievements against the hereditary enemy, the Turk. Without accepting the theory that it is Bulgaria alone that decided the outcome of the war, her efforts in Thrace making the Greek and Servian campaigns a matter of routine victory, it is true that on Bulgaria fell the heaviest fighting and loss. Her gains under the treaty of Bucharest are estimated at 10,000 square miles of territory, with a population of one million. The new Bulgaria will have about 45,000 square miles. Servia apparently doubles her original area of 18,000 square miles. Greece's territorial gains are about the same as Bulgaria's, but it is choice ground, with a large population, including Salonica, the second largest city south of the Danube; her new area should be about the same as that of Servia. Since the latter country gets no foothold on the sea, and is therefore dependent upon Greece for an outlet, it is to be assumed that the alliance between the two countries will hold for some time, and that Bulgaria's dream of a confederated Balkan State, with herself playing the part of Prussia, remains a dream.

The reported flight of Sun Yat-Sen apparently signalizes the failure of the revolutionary movement in Southern China. Even the cycles of modern Cathay can move too fast. What the President of the Chinese Republic, in his statements to the press, would describe as a rebellion set on foot by self-seeking and disgruntled politicians, is, of course, something more than that. The Peking authorities cite a number of revolutionary leaders by name, but they make no mention of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, who appears to have been the animating spirit in the present uprising of the radical South against the North, precisely as he was the prime mover in the revolution which drove the Manchus from the throne. Self-interest may or may not enter into Sun Yat-Sen's motives, but his political views are sufficient in themselves to explain the revolt against Yuan Shi-Kai. The aim of Sun Yat-Sen has been the establishment of a socialist republic. If he retired from his post as Provisional President of China to make way for Yuan Shi-Kai, it was because he probably perceived that, for the time being, the firm establishment of the republic, as against a monarchical reaction, was the immediate need of the moment. Whether he considers that the time has now come for putting his radical beliefs into effect, or only regards President Yuan as a menace to the entire republican order, a principle is at stake in the present contest. People who know Sun Yat-Sen have described him as an interesting blend of the man of action and the visionary.

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WILSON AND LEGISLATION.

President Wilson made it abundantly clear, both before and after his election, that he expected to have a very real and direct connection with Congressional legislation. He spent no time in explaining the justification of such a course by the Constitution; though we suppose that a good lawyer could, if pressed, find all the warrant necessary in the provision entitling the Executive to "recommend" to Congress "such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." This power, with all its implications, Woodrow Wilson quietly took for granted; and never veiled his purpose to have an active part in law-making. This intent of his was, of course, heightened in expression when he went in person to Congress to read his two messages, and when he calmly referred to the members of Congress as "colleagues" with him in the legislative branch of the Government. Thus his theory of the relation of the President to legislation has never been in doubt. But what of his practice? This extraordinary session of Congress deserves the name in more senses than one; in no respect more than for showing the country how a leading man as President can powerfully affect the passage of laws.

It is well to stand off a moment and see what has been happening. In the midst of momentous changes and events, we become habituated to them and lose a due sense of their significance. We may have lived, with the poet, in a perfect star, yet seen it not when we walked therein. But it is certain that any intelligent and detached observer of American affairs—Mr. Bryce, for instance, or Ostrogorski—would regard what has been going on at Washington since April 7 as of capital importance in the history of the development of the President's function. For he would not fail to see that it is the President who has been the chief driving force behind the two great measures that have been occupying the attention of Congress. Both these measures it is now expected will be enacted into law before the extra session expires. If they are, they will constitute an achievement without a parallel in the annals of the American Presidency.

The tariff bill it was comparatively easy to get going. To it the Democratic party was freshly pledged, and the country was ready for the work. But the personal wishes of President Wilson were early stamped upon the bill. It was on his initiative that wool was made free, and sugar ultimately free. This was much to have accomplished, yet the President has done a great deal more by holding his party together successfully, and acting as a kind of dynamo to furnish energy for pushing the bill. But the great wonder is that, along with this bill, by itself enough to fill the mind and exhaust the strength of the ordinary Executive, President Wilson should have had the resource and boldness to devise a measure of still more far-reaching importance. Last May, the possibility of getting a currency bill through at this session of Congress was openly scoffed at by the old Congressional hands in Washington. The President was dreaming. The thing was preposterous. But Mr. Wilson steadily kept at it. First he succeeded in getting the plan tolerated; then it was discussed; then a bill was framed, which was sharply criticised—as it deserved to be—has since been amended and improved until, in its essentials, it has won the approval of the best economic and banking opinion of the country; and now, as crowning miracle, the belief in Washington is veering round to the conviction that the bill will actually be made law before the snow flies.

There is something impressive in the mere promise of such a remarkable record of work done in Wilson's first six months; but the more deeply interesting thing, after all, is the man behind the work. Nothing is so fascinating in public life as the study of a new personality wreaking itself upon old tasks. What are Wilson's methods? Who will tell us the secret of his influence? Outwardly, he has been the least assertive and ostentatious of Executives. To his immediate predecessors he offers the sharpest contrast. He has made no speeches. In blustering or bragging he has never indulged, and he has not gone out on the steps of the White House and called any man a liar. Nor has he allowed himself to be pulled hither and thither in good-natured non-resistance. He has stuck closely to his job. No head of a great corporation could have more rigidly kept office hours, or displayed more industry. Yet somehow, from this business President sitting at his desk, there has come an impulse and a sustained force which have made the legislation that looked impossible two months ago seem to-day almost within sight.

Such effects come by cause, yet it may not be easy to analyze the cause. The work which President Wilson has done ranks him among the skilful politicians, in the high sense of that term, and we are always trying to get at the sources of a politician's power. But we can seldom put the finger on them. Gladstone said that the successful politician was the hardest of all men to understand; he himself had studied many, but was not sure that he had really comprehended more than one or two. It would be folly to attempt as yet anything like a complete account of the ways in which President Wilson works his will. It is evident, however, that he is a firm believer in the light which comes from the striking of mind on mind. He has the historic English conception of taking counsel as a means of arriving, first at wisdom, and then at action. No discussion seems to him properly ended which does not close with the words: "Now, let's to business." And he must also have a fine instinct for the higher strategies of public affairs, knowing when to strike and when to bide his time; and withal a just idea of the value of steady pounding on one idea. Whatever his secret—and we can only guess at it—the fact remains that in the deftest yet most unpretentious manner President Wilson has thus far more powerfully shaped more important legislation than any Executive of our time.

THE REVISED BANKING BILL.

The important changes made by the House Committee in the banking and currency bill, which they submitted to the party caucus in the House last Monday, affect three main divisions—that which prescribes the powers of the national supervisory board, that which provides for issue and redemption of notes, and that which arranges for disposition of the 2 per cent. bonds now pledged against national bank circulation. Criticism from the start converged largely on the power, granted to the national board, to require one regional central bank to discount paper of another. This power, in the original bill,

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was wholly unrestricted. As amended, it may be exercised only "in time of emergency," only on a vote in which "all members of the board are present and concurring," and only on the basis of a higher interest rate than that prevailing in either of the districts affected.

Certain other powers assigned to the national board—to suspend for thirty days, and for fifteen-day intervals thereafter, "any and every reserve requirement"; to "grant in whole or in part, or to reject entirely," the application of a regional reserve bank for notes; to hold subject to its own review the official discount rate fixed by the regional central banks, and, in the matter of rediscounts by such regional banks, "to determine and define the character of the paper thus eligible for discount"—were also criticised, when the original bill was published, as altogether too unrestricted. In the amended bill, the clauses conferring these powers are left unchanged; but they are modified by a wholly new provision for an Advisory Council, to be made up of as many members as there are regional central banks; each of those banks to elect one member.

This Council is to have power, of its own initiative, to confer directly with the national board, to present to it formal recommendations of policy, and to call for information on any fact relating to that policy; but the fact that it is to have no actual veto power on policies of the national board, has caused a good deal of not unnatural question as to its usefulness in operation. Inevitably, however, a council of so official and representative a character, and endowed with such specific functions by the banking bill itself, would exert great influence. In the light of ordinary precedent, we can scarcely imagine the national board exercising any of the very large powers above referred to without first consulting the Advisory Council. We are inclined, nevertheless, to regard as a weak point in the bill the lack of any provision requiring at least the submission of such proposed policies to the Council, for its advice and judgment, before taking action on them.

The section regulating issue of notes has been radically altered. In its original shape, the bill merely provided for note issues, up to $500,000,000, based on deposit of commercial assets and secured by 33 1-3 per cent. of "gold or lawful money." No provision was made either for automatic retirement of such notes, or for retirement or conversion of the present bond-secured circulation. It established, therefore, nothing except an "emergency currency," with undoubted possibilities of inflation.

This section was first amended so as to provide for the funding into 3 per cent. Government bonds of the 2 per cents now pledged against circulation, at the rate of 5 per cent. of a given bank's holdings every year. The new bonds would not possess the "circulation privilege"; no bank should receive the new notes to a greater extent than its previous holdings of the old ones, and, after the passage of the law, no bank should be allowed to issue circulating notes in any other form than that established in the act. It was at once pointed out, first, that this was bound to depreciate the 2 per cents, because their "circulation privilege" was thus summarily withdrawn, and, secondly, that no provision was yet made to insure automatic redemption.

In the bill as finally amended and as now before the House, both of these very serious defects are dealt with. The first objection has been met by a provision that, pending the twenty years in which conversion of the 2 per cents into Government 3s without the "circulation privilege" is allowed, "every national bank may continue to apply for and receive circulating notes . . . based upon the deposit of 2 per centum bonds," or of any other bonds available for such purpose under the present law. Quite as important as this, an amendment is added whereby notes of the new description, issued by banks in a given district, shall bear a distinctive letter or number, and such notes, when received by the regional central bank of another district, "shall be returned for redemption to the Federal reserve bank through which they were originally issued," or shall be redeemed and cancelled through the United States Treasury. This new provision is of the greatest importance; it converts a potentially inflationist measure into one which provides scientifically for an elastic currency.

THE COST OF EUGENICS.

Good causes, like good people, must often pray to be saved from their friends. The eugenic idea has suffered much at the hands of the eugenists. If one needs assurance on this point one need only compare the extraordinary welter of beliefs and claims which have gathered around the term eugenics with the provisions of such a law as went into effect in Pennsylvania two weeks ago, and has been consistently described in the newspapers as the "eugenic" marriage license law. Henceforth, in that State, it is necessary for candidates for marriage to appear at the License Bureau in person and make sworn reply to forty-eight questions. Among other things, one is required to say whether he or she is imbecile, epileptic, or suffers from a transmissible disease. Pennsylvania is not so exacting as Wisconsin, which requires a physician's certificate instead of a mere affidavit. But the principle is the same. Studying that principle in all its implications, one may approve or doubt, but there is no incentive to the feeling of contemptuous aversion and disgust which the eugenic idea as exploited by its reckless votaries has aroused among thinking people.

For what these facile race-breeders, human stud-farm trainers, and supermen cultivators have done is to violate the sense of the dignity of life and of the individual, the complex of tradition and sentiment and instinct rooted in the heart of man, the wisdom of civilization's experience. It has been hard to keep patient with these peculiarly offensive examples of the "forgawdsaker" class, as H. G. Wells has called it. "For Gawd's sake, let's reconstruct the human type, just as we are reconstructing the art of bricklaying." To be sure, there has been no occasion for alarm. One might know that their absurd claims would yield before the commonsense and the higher sense that regulate the broad conditions of life. As embodied in a marriage license law, like those of Pennsylvania and Wisconsin, eugenics ceases to be a fantasy of magazine science and becomes an issue of distinct appeal to the minds and consciences of reasonable men.

The usual objection to sumptuary laws will hold only in part against this drastic example of sumptuary legislation. It is not a paradox to say that Wisconsin's or Pennsylvania's marriage regulations may be generally evaded without destroying their usefulness. For many years to come their results must

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be expected to be educational rather than actually preventive. The Philadelphia newspapers speak of the embarrassment of the prospective brides when confronted with the awkward question concerning transmissible disease. It is precisely this hesitation to confront a question so deeply affecting a woman's happiness and that of her children that the new law ought to educate away. The law may not be directly effective in preventing diseased parentage; but it can set a stigma on disease. By dint of mere repetition the law can popularize the ideal that men should enter marriage free from guilty physical taint. Fear of the law's penalties for perjury will be far less efficacious in the outcome than the daily process of emphasizing the need of higher standards of conduct and greater frankness in the relation between prospective husband and wife.

Such is the gain which one may reasonably expect from legislation of this nature. The gain will have to be paid for; that is certain. How large the cost will be, the future must say. The price may be a heavy one; it will be exacted in many forms. We have already spoken of the first obvious result that attends all sumptuary legislation. There will be evasion of the law; there will be false swearing; there will be wide opportunity for maladministration of the law by the agents of the State. A broader consideration is connected with the well recognized rule that when marriage is made too difficult, immorality ensues. The tragic fact must be faced that the physical effects of vice among the men of every civilized community are widespread, and the strict enforcement of a law no more drastic than Wisconsin's would produce marked social changes. Will the eugenist's gains be counterbalanced by the statistics on the social evil?

Objections of a broader nature are based on the consideration that in many phases the modern spirit is hostile to the perfect functioning of laws of this kind. The physician is to be made the arbiter of our most intimate destinies at a time when a great many people are increasingly disinclined to take the physician and his craft so seriously as might be. It may be that this growing skepticism is due to the very progress which has been made in the study of the laws of health and disease. Discoveries are coming so fast as to render few discoveries absolutely stable. How, for instance, shall we define "transmissible disease"? With regard to one form, and the most serious of all, of course there is general agreement. But what of plagues like cancer, or tuberculosis? The latter is, strictly speaking, not a transmissible disease, in the sense that it is not an hereditary disease. But tuberculosis in the tenement districts is virtually as transmissible as if it were hereditary. How will the law regard it? The wide implications of eugenic marriage legislation can only be suggested here.

LOCAL AND SPECIAL EXPOSITIONS.

The refusal or hesitation of various European nations to exhibit at the San Francisco Exposition, to the apparent chagrin of its directors, should do more than call attention to the fact that such fairs have been overdone. Since 1901 we have had the Pan-American, the St. Louis, the Jamestown, the Alaska-Yukon, the Lewis and Clark Expositions, and now we are planning a sixth. The recent international decision that it was inadvisable to attempt exhibits more than once in three years would fall heavily on the United States alone. But the present attitude of European countries might point another lesson. Why insist that all our expositions should be international?

There seems to have been a feeling that it is impossible for a national or local exhibition to attract either tourists or interested inquirers. Since the Centennial there has not even been a State exposition that has aroused marked attention. Some municipalities—Boston, Chicago, and other cities—have planned industrial exhibitions upon a small scale, as an evidence chiefly of city patriotism. But no enterprise of this kind has ever reached any magnitude, while a national exposition has as yet been all but unheard of. The genuine artistic and industrial impulse has been wanting. The public base their judgment of an exposition too largely upon its size, its pomposity, its cosmopolitan air, and the gay waving of foreign flags above it, to have taken kindly to the other idea.

The local or special exposition should not come, of course, as a mere substitute forced by the impossibility of procuring exhibits from abroad. It ought to answer to a definite demand. When the various sections and States become competitively interested in one another's products—their arts and crafts, their styles of architecture, interior and exterior, their schools of furniture and metal design, the lines along which painting and sculpture are developing—it will follow as an educational and commercial need. As exchanges of ideas these expositions will not require huge palaces of stucco and plaster; simple, substantial halls, designed with an eye to lighting and interior attractiveness, will better harmonize with the exhibits. Nor will they be founded upon a patriotic fervor. They may seem to hark back to such occasions as the early European fairs, of which Paris alone held a dozen between 1800 and 1855. But their spirit, at once utilitarian and artistic, will be different. They should represent not so much the impulse towards amusement or sight-seeing or celebration, as an effort to compare the best social and household conveniences, the best articles of ordinary manufacture, of the various workshops, designing rooms, and factories of the country. Withal, they should be to the casual European or South American visitor an index to the products and artistic by-products of American life.

In Germany notably, fairs of this kind have become almost a matter of course in recent years. In Munich, in Baden, in Dresden, in Nuremberg, in Leipzig, frequent expositions of the work of local and national shops and *ateliers* draw studious visitors from all over Western Europe. Arts-and-crafts exhibitions have virtually become an annual affair, moving from city to city. That at Dresden in 1906, and at Munich in 1908, attracted wide attention, if from nothing but the novelty of the designs offered. This summer three *Kunstausstellungen* have been held in three different sections—one at Berlin, one at Munich, and one at Düsseldorf. In spite of the fact that all three, and especially the one at Munich, with its 3,600 objects, have provided foreign rooms, they are predominantly German. Nor do the expositions of art and industry differ greatly in a land whose chief boast is that it has united art and manufacture. From the interiors of Biedermeier to those of Müller's disciples, from the exhibits of the Berlin Porcelain Company to those of the Dresden works, the rooms are imbued with an artistic personality

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which gives the keenest zest to competition. And from a long succession of model dining-rooms, offices, kitchens, and halls filled with manufactured goods, the visitor passes into galleries hung with paintings or set with pedestalled statuary. It is possible for an architect or designer to found a school through the medium of such exhibitions alone. And their commercial and advertising value, as well as their contribution to public taste, is incalculable. Munich recently enrolled its millionth visitor for the year. Their educational value has resulted in a great expansion of their scope. Leipzig is now engaged, as Frankfort was some years ago, in an exhibition of books and bookbinding. Karlsruhe has originated a travelling *Kunstausstellung*. Düsseldorf last year held an "exhibition of city building," with 600 exhibitors, and 4,000 articles grouped under such heads as Industry, Civil Engineering, and Sanitary Arrangements. With its historical and modern town pictures, its models and photographs of remarkable monuments and buildings, its reproductions relating to the designing of streets and drainage plants, the whole was nothing short of an illustrated history of German towns.

From such local and popular expositions, founded upon a sober, business-like desire for instruction in industry and art, and a hope to further their development, the promoters of American expositions might learn much. Our present State fairs are remotely comparable to them. They are attended by a class seriously intent upon the lessons to be derived from a comparative range of farm products, machinery, and appurtenances, they depend upon public and not governmental support, and their exhibitions are local in character. Such expositions as the Europeans have could well take the place of half our struggling international exhibitions, exchanging for the glitter of foreign bazaars a healthier interest in national endeavor. They would relieve us of the charge of a silly infatuation with world's fairs, as also of their expense and waste.

ROBERT C. OGDEN.

A whole section of this country should mourn the death of Robert C. Ogden. A man of unusual business sagacity and rare success, living in a prosperous Northern city, what was it that led him to devote every spare moment to the educational awakening of the South? What made him the leader in a crusade for learning which for unselfishness and in devotion to the interests of the lowly has scarcely been surpassed? Why was it that in ever quiet, modest, unassuming ways he went about the South laboring for its mental and spiritual advancement, unsparing of his purse and of himself? Primarily, we think, it was the greatness of his heart; no just appeal to it ever failed. Then it was the genuine patriotism of the man, that earnest wish to be of help to the masses of his fellow human beings, which is at the bottom of every deeply religious nature. It was as if he saw in every little child upon which his gaze fell on his trips to the South the possibility of a Phillips Brooks, an S. C. Armstrong, or a Lincoln, and he burned forthwith with the desire to smooth that child's path so that it might have free play for such talents as Providence had bestowed upon it.

As a boy, Mr. Ogden was one of the New York militia called out to repel the raid of Lee into Pennsylvania. Not unnaturally for one of his sympathies, he enlisted after the war at Hampton under a great general of peace—Armstrong. He was one of those quick to see that the real problems of the war did not end with Appomattox, and that many of dread import began upon that field. Without guile, without enmity towards anybody, he brought to the work at Hampton a zeal and a skill which, after many decades, ended but yesterday. Hampton without Mr. Ogden? It hardly seems possible, were it not that Dr. Frissell is there to labor on, and had not they together builded for the future as well as the present. But modest as he was, and ever insistent upon effacing his own personality, the time came when Mr. Ogden had to enter the whole field of education in the South. With Dr. J. L. M. Curry he was a leading spirit at the Capon Springs Conference in 1893, which must ever be recalled as a landmark in the true reconstruction of the South.

Out of this gathering has grown the annual Southern Educational Conference over which Mr. Ogden regularly presided with rare grace, dignity, and tact, until failing health forbade. To it he took for years, on a special train, men and women who labor in similar fields, and mould public opinion—in the North at least. "Excursions into ennobling experiences"—a gifted pen has termed these trips with complete accuracy; such they are, not only for those pilgrims from the States with compulsory education, but for those who come in ever-increasing numbers from the South itself. Momentous things have happened since that small beginning. In almost innumerable communities the public conscience has been quickened and the community spirit aroused. As a result of these conferences came the Southern Education and General Education Boards, with their stupendous Rockefeller benefactions, and a great movement is thus well under way.

Rarely is it given to a man to reap such a harvest of good will and behold such fruits of his labors as did Mr. Ogden. This, we fancy, may have made it hard for him to feel that the end of his labors was at hand; such demonstrations of personal affection as were his at the annual gatherings no man could receive unmoved or relinquish without pain. The attacks of prejudice, the abuse of those special interests and capitalists who saw in State-wide education in the South merely an effort to end the exploitation of the bodies and souls of mill-children, these recoiled from the serenity of his character all but unnoted. He knew how to value and how to disregard them, and his gaze was bent not upon the obstacles, but upon the incalculable benefits to be gained when every Southern child, white or black, should have that education which is its birthright. To some it seemed at times as if his methods were too complacent and too conciliatory; as if there was some lack of the fiery indignation of the reformer. But Mr. Ogden's tactics and his character corresponded; and out of all the complex of emotions and of men inevitable in so far-reaching and difficult a crusade, his figure stands out as that of a constructive educational statesman of first rank—a courteous, kindly, generous-hearted, high-minded man, whose modesty and self-effacement alone prevented his being a great national figure.

SCANDINAVIAN BOOKS.

BERGEN, Norway, July 30.

When Sweden's most prominent lyric poet, Gustaf Frøding, died last year, he left behind a certain amount of work in manuscript, some of it being merely fragments. He had given per-

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mission to his nurse, Miss Trotzig, to go through it and select for publication whatever she and the publisher might find to be of sufficient worth. The result is a volume entitled "Reconvalescentia," with the sub-title "Gustaf Frødings sista dikter" ("Gustaf Frøding's Last Poems"), a small book of about 100 pages of great interest (Stockholm: Wahlstrøm & Widstrand). The poems are nearly all characteristic of Frøding and some of them show him to have been a wonderful master of rhythm and form. Not unnaturally, the gloom of his later years left its mark on his work; yet the "Värmländska låtar" ("Tunes from Värmland"), included in the volume, have the same musical charm which gave distinction to his earlier verses. Other recent books of poetry deserving attention are "Antika Kaméer" ("Antique Cameos"), by Sigurd Agrell, "Dåd och dröm" ("Deeds and Dreams"), by Bertil Malmberg, and "På vaxtafla" ("On Wax-Tablet"), by Torsten Fogelqvist. The first-named is the most noteworthy, but all three show abundantly that Sweden is still rich in lyric poets.

Four essays on Robespierre by the Swedish historian, Johannes Heüman, put together into a small volume of 100 pages, are of great interest. The author aims to show that Robespierre was the grand tragic figure of his revolutionary age and the faithful guardian of Rousseau's impracticable democratic ideas. If Robespierre had fought for these ideas and hidden his personality, he might have succeeded in becoming the leader of his people, the author maintains, but it was his tragic fate to be guided by his personality. The little book does not intend to be a biography, but contributes much to a just valuation of Robespierre and his relation to the revolutionary movement.

Among new Norwegian books must be mentioned a great national work, "Vore høvdinger" ("Our Chieftains"), published by subscription, through F. Bruns, of Trondhjem. The work contains short biographical sketches of the most prominent Norwegians of all eras in political and economic life, or in the branches of literature, science, and art, each article being accompanied by a large and handsomely executed picture of the subject; it is edited by the professor of history at the University of Christiania, Halvdan Koht. The text is furnished by the best authorities in the country. Though each sketch is very short, never running beyond four large quarto pages, the writers have succeeded in compressing the most essential facts and characterizations into this narrow frame. So far seven parts have appeared; the publication of the remaining twenty-seven parts will be completed, it is hoped, by the spring of next year, when Norway celebrates the centenary of her independence. Each part contains two biographical sketches, and the whole work will include seventy pictures. The price is 1 krone for each part. This monumental work ought to prove valuable not only as a reference book, but as a fitting memorial of Norway's intellectual achievements.

A somewhat similar work, also published by subscription, is Per Nissen's "Fædrelandet" ("The Fatherland"), being published in parts by H. Aschehoug & Co., Christiania. This book is a popular description of Norway, dealing with the geography of the country, trade and economic conditions, Norwegian institutions, Constitution and administration, military relations, communications, education, art and industry, and so forth. It aims to be a practical and accurate guide, and, to judge from the way in which it begins, the purpose is likely to be fulfilled. The author was until recently a general in the Norwegian army, and besides possessing a vast store of knowledge, embracing most varied fields, he is the master of a clear and vivid style which will be apt to catch the interest of the public at large. An abundance of excellent illustrations add to the value of the work, and the price is only 50 øre for each of the twenty parts to which it will run.

The most noteworthy of new Norwegian novels is the strong and well-written story, "Eli Sjursdotter," by the young author, Johan Falkberget. It has already caught the reading public.

The Danish author, Otto Rung, is an able writer and psychologist. His works, "Sidste kamp" ("The Last Battle"), "Skyggernes tog" ("The March of the Shadows"), "Lønkammeret" ("The Closet"), and his drama, "Broen" ("The Bridge"), have made him one of the most widely read and admired of Danish writers. His latest novel, "Den lange nat" ("The Long Night"), recently published, maintains his high standard. It has an adroitly woven plot, an absorbing psychological interest, and its language possesses a haunting freshness and melody. The story centres on an old usurer who has risen to a position of great independence by corrupt methods, yet whose power is gradually fading, owing to a sickness which finally bereaves him totally of his sight. So subtle is the treatment that in the end the author contrives to win over the reader's sympathy for this rather repulsive character. A pretty love-story is interwoven with the main plot. Otto Rung is not too local in his interests to be widely enjoyed.

A popular historical work, "Anno 13," by Morten Pontoppidan, gives a vivid picture of the events and conditions in Germany during the period 1806-13 and of the final throwing off of Napoleon's yoke. The book is written with strong German sympathies and pronounced admiration for the country's heroic fight for liberty. It will appeal to everybody who likes history popularly presented.

A short biography of the Danish philosopher, Harald Høffding, by Erik Rindom, contains some interesting information about a famous man and contributes to a better understanding of his position and influence. The lyric poet of Jutland, Jeppe Aakjær, has published a small volume of addresses which he has delivered on various occasions. The contents includes chapters on Robert Burns, Holger Drachmann, Bjørnson, Blicher, and discussions of more general Danish topics. They are well balanced and make a readable collection.

ARNE KILDAL.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

There are Scott collectors, although the multiplicity and popularity of Sir Walter's writings make their pursuit perhaps more laborious than difficult. There is no adequate Scott bibliography known to me. When it appears a place should be found for this octavo pamphlet of 2½ pages:

The
Mauvais Pas.
A Scene in the Alps,
illustrating a passage in the novel of
Anne of Geirstein.
By the
Rev. Edward Stanley, M.A.
Rector of Alderley.
Not published.
Macclesfield,
Printed by J. Swinnerton, Courier and Herald Office.

It will be noted that the name of Scott's heroine is misspelled in this title, although it is correctly given in the text of the tract. "Anne of Geierstein" was published in three volumes in 1829. Lockhart tells how, one snowy morning, Scott gave some friends who were at Abbotsford the sheets of about a volume and a half to read in his library while he was at work in the adjacent room, but looked in on them occasionally. He found them delighted. Mr. J. B. S. Morritt and Sir James Steuart, of Allenbank, were both familiar with Swiss scenery, and were amazed at the happy manner in which Scott had caught the local color of a country in which he had never set foot. But Ballantyne "totally condemned" the story. It was finished *before* breakfast, April 29, 1829, and *after* breakfast Sir Walter began to write his "Compendium of Scottish History" for Lardner's Cyclopædia. Such was the zeal with which he strove to retrieve his fallen fortunes.

"Anne of Geierstein" made her public début in May, and in the September issue of *Blackwood* appeared "The Mauvais Pas." It is signed with the initials E. S. Another article thus signed appeared in the number for April, 1830, and is entitled "The Port of Vennasque; a scene in the Pyrenees." The fame of the brilliant son, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, has somewhat obscured that of the saintly father. Edward Stanley was born January 1, 1779, was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and became, 1805, rector of Alderley, a living in the patronage of his father, Sir John Thomas Stanley, of Alderley Park, and in 1837 he was appointed Bishop of Norwich. He died September 6, 1849.

The tract must have appeared some time between 1829 and 1837.

The reader should now take down his Scott and read in the first and second chap-

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ters of "Anne of Geierstein," the account of the manner in which "Arthur Philipson" braves the dangers of the mountain path leading to the Rock of the Vulture. This is the scene of the first meeting of Arthur and Anne, the intertwining of whose fates is the theme of the story. Having thus refreshed his memory he may compare Scott's account with these quotations from Stanley's narrative of his adventure on the Mauvais Pas:

From the point where we had stepped upon the ledge, quitting the forest and underwood, this circular face of precipice commenced, continuing, without intermission, till it united itself with its corresponding headland on the right. The only communication between the two being along a ledge in the face of the precipice, varying in width from about a foot to a few inches; the surface of the said ledge, moreover, assuming the form of an inclined plane, owing to an accumulation of small particles of rock, which had, from time immemorial, shaled from the heights above, and lodged on this slightly projecting shelf. The distance, from the time taken to pass it, I guessed to be not far short of a quarter of a mile. At my foot, literally speaking (for it required but a semiquaver of the body, or the loosening of my hold, to throw the centre of gravitation over the abyss), were spread the valleys of the Dranse, through which I could perceive the river meandering like a silver thread; but, from the height at which I looked down, its rapidity was invisible, and its hoarse brawling unheard. The silence was absolute and solemn; for, fortunately, not a zephyr fanned the air, to interfere with my precarious equilibrium. . . . We had proceeded a good part of the way, when, to my dismay, the ledge, narrow as it was, became perceptibly narrower, and, at the distance of a yard or two in advance, I observed a point where it seemed to run to nothing, interrupted by a protuberant rock; I said nothing, waiting the result in silence. The guide before me, when he reached the point, threw one foot round the projection, till it was firmly placed, and holding on the rock, then brought up the other. What was I to do? Like Arthur Philipson's guide, Antonio, I could only say, "I was no goat-hunter, and had no wings to transport me from cliff to cliff like a raven."—"I cannot perform that feat," said I to the guide; "I shall miss the invisible footing on the other side, and—then!" . . . They were prepared for the case; one of them happened to have a short staff; this was handed forward, and formed a slight rail, while the other, stooping down, seized my foot, and placing it in his hand, answered, "Tread without apprehension, it will support you firmly as the rock itself; be steady—go on." I did so, and regained the ledge once more in safety. . . . Thus persevering, with the speed of a tortoise or a sloth, the solemn slow movements of hand and foot forcibly reminding me of that cautious animal, we at last drew near to a more acute point in the curve of this gaunt amphitheatre, where it bent forward towards the river, and consequently we were more immediately fronted by the precipice forming the continuation of that on which we stood. By keeping my head obliquely turned inwards, I had hitherto in great measure avoided more visual communication than I wished with the bird's-eye prospect below; but there was no possibility of excluding the smooth bare frontage of rock right ahead. There it reared itself from the clods beneath to the clouds above, without outward or visible sign of fret or fissure, as far as I could judge, on which even a chamois could rest its tiny hoof; for the width of whatever ledge it might have was diminished, by the perspective view we had of it, to Euclid's true definition of a mathematical line, namely, length without breadth. At this distance of time, I have no very clear recollection of the mode of our exit, and cannot speak positively whether we skirted any of this perilous wall of the Titans, or crept up through the corner of the curve by some fissure leading to the summit. I have, however, a very clear and agreeable recollection of the moment when I came in contact with a tough bough, which I welcomed and grasped as I would have welcomed and grasped the hand of the dearest friend I had upon earth, and by the help of which I, in a very few more seconds, scrambled upwards, and set my foot once more, without fear of slips or sliding, on a rough heathery surface, forming the bed of a ravine, which soon led us to an upland plateau, on which I stood as in the garden of Paradise.

It may be that the Alpinist of the twentieth century would be less impressed by these dangers than the nineteenth century tourist.

Stanley's tract contains also an account of the formation of the Lake of Mauvoisin by the descent of a glacier, and of the inundations of the Val de Bagnes in 1595 and 1818, drawn up from the memoir of M. Escher de la Linth.

There is in addition a preface in which Stanley states that he had some reasons for believing that the details of his adventure had reached the ears of Sir Walter Scott and furnished him with the groundwork for the perilous meeting of Anne and Arthur.

The rarity of "The Mauvais Pas" may be judged by its absence both from the British Museum Catalogue and from Martin's monograph on Privately Printed Books.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

"OF THE PEOPLE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your recent editorial on Lincoln's Gettysburg Address suggested to me that perhaps you or some of your readers might be able to furnish some light on a question which has interested me of late—the exact significance of the phrase "of the people."

In quoting the words you follow the usual punctuation, that of Lincoln's final authorized version. The customary emphasis given by speakers fits this punctuation, and I suppose would be not unfairly represented by writing thus: "and that government *of* the people, *by* the people, *for* the people shall not perish from the earth." That is, the phrases are treated as logically coördinate and of equal importance, and we have a threefold description of the type of government which Lincoln desired "should not perish from the earth." This way of taking the words seems open to one rather serious objection—the difficulty of giving to the preposition "of" a clear-cut meaning which shall distinguish it from, and entitle it to rank as a true coördinate with, the prepositions "by" and "for." Probably the explanation most commonly given would be that "of" is equivalent to "originating with," "deriving its sanction and ultimate authority from," the people.

The form of the words, at least, would seem to admit another interpretation. The "of" might express the objective-genitive relation of our Latin and Greek grammars, and "government of the people," in the sense of "government exercised over the people," be taken as the common base of the expression; this "government of the people" characterized, with a *twofold* emphasis, as "by" and "for" the people would then give us the type of government which Lincoln sought to have perpetuated. With this view we should drop the first comma in writing, the stress on "of" in speaking. Or it might be still better to think of each phrase as modifying all that goes before it—to omit both the first and second commas (as Lincoln himself did in his original draft), and to give a *crescendo* emphasis in delivery which might be indicated thus: "and that government of the people *by* the people FOR the people shall not perish," etc.

The double possibility of interpretation has probably occurred to many. The second, or "objective," explanation of "of" here seems to have several considerations, historical as well as logical, in its favor. The questions I should like to ask are: (1) Was any interpretation covering this point ever given by Lincoln himself? (2) Have we any testimony from one who heard him speak as to the emphasis, pauses, or intonations with which these words were uttered? (3) Has the question here raised been discussed anywhere in print?

W. A. ECKELS.

Wichita, Kan., August 8.

THE NEW LAUREATE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "There will be disappointment in some quarters over the selection of Robert Bridges as poet laureate," so said the *Nation*, in its issue of July 24, and so there *was* disappointment, I trust, in many quarters over what the *Nation* said regarding that event.

Robert Bridges surely needs no apologies on his behalf, even when they emanate from so distinguished a source as the *Nation*, and, above all, he is not a poet who is to be damned with faint praise. The extracts from his work given by the *Nation* are quite sufficient to demonstrate the high levels on which his poetic feet tread; and when we consider the great mass of that work, and the variety of it, including a large number of lyrics of a high order, including the seventy-nine sonnets that comprise "The Growth of Love," ought we not unreservedly to acclaim him, and congratulate Mr. Asquith on his keenness of discrimination?—who, indeed, may well opine that the laureateship should be bestowed, not in expectation of rewarding Odes, but rather as a crown of honor on one presumably near the close of his career. True, there is nothing of the bizarre or the violent in Bridges; he is refined without weakness, he is deep-thoughted without being too heavy for the Muse to carry; and he possesses that essential of all true art—restraint. Besides, his work is informed through and through with the spiritual, as the best poetry surely is.

His "Growth of Love" is a great performance, but as it is comprised in a series of sonnets, against which there is more or less of ignorant prejudice, it seems never to have commanded that attention it deserves. In France art makes its way, even when embodied in sonnets. For instance, Heredia stepped into the French Academy up the stairway composed entirely of the 118 sonnets of his Trophies. True, he had done other work, but it was on his sonnets that his admission was based. The sonnets of "The Growth of Love" partly follow Shakespeare's in matter of form, and many of them certainly breathe their fragrance in matter of substance. If this let-

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ter is not already too long, I would wish to include in it two of the sonnets from "The Growth of Love," No. XXVII on the modern ocean steamer, and the beautiful prayer embodied in the final sonnet.

XXVII.

The fabled sea-snake, old Leviathan,
Or else what grisly beast of scaly chine
That champed the oceanwrack, and swashed the brine
Before the new and milder days of man,
Had never rib nor bray nor swindging fan
Like his iron swimmer of the Clyde or Tyne,
Late born of golden seed to breed a line
Of offspring swifter and more huge of plan.

Straight is her going, for upon the sun
When once she hath looked, her path and place are plain:
With tireless speed she smiteth one by one
The shuddering seas and foams along the main:
And her eased breath when her wild race is run
Roars through her nostrils like a hurricane.

LXXIX.

Eternal Father, who didst all create,
In whom we live and to whose bosom move,
To all men be Thy name known which is Love,
Till its loud praises sound at heaven's high gate.
Perfect Thy kingdom in our passing state,
That here on earth Thou mayst as well approve
Our service as Thou ownest theirs above
Whose joy we echo and in pain await.

Grant body and soul each day their daily bread:
And should in spite of grace fresh woe begin,
Even as our anger soon is past and dead
Be Thy remembrance mortal of our sin:
By Thee in paths of peace Thy sheep be led,
And in the vale of terror comforted.

EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR.

San Francisco, July 30.

THE ITALIAN TREASURY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An editorial in the *Nation* of July 3 quotes from an article written by the ex-Minister of Italy, Luigi Luzzatti, in the *Corriere della Sera*, in which he spurns the charges of political corruption recently brought against his country. While not denying the gross official frauds in connection with the building of the Palace of Justice, he asserts that the Italian Treasury, since the unification of the kingdom, has been absolutely free from even a suspicion of corruption.

It may well be that no dishonesty can be laid at the door of any single official of the Italian Treasury, but to the minds of those who have lived much in Italy and know the true conditions there, the question arises at once: How about the foundation upon which that Treasury was built? Is that clean? Confiscation has a more respectable sound than the homely word robbery; but when any Italian public official flouts indignantly the charge of corruption, the thought must come to an unprejudiced onlooker; How did they get their money in the first place?

The post office, for instance, is in a noble building in the heart of the city, with beautiful cloisters enclosing a large grassplot planted with shrubs and trees, always fresh and green, a place at once suggestive of retirement, calm, and peace. Now it is never free from the pell mell of people rushing to and fro. A rather uncommon design for a post office it must seem to many, as they buy postage stamps at one of the windows opening on this most lovely cloister. How many of these visitors from other lands realize that this was the Convent of the Poor Clares, built for them, and as much their own property as are the private palaces of Rome the property of their rich owners. The Poor Clares, whose lives are spent in service among the poor, were turned out of their home by the Italian Government, and not one centime was ever paid for the property *taken* from them. Is that a Government immune from dishonesty?

This is only one small chapter in the long story of robbery (or "confiscation," if the term is more pleasing to modern ears) that has gone on all over the United Kingdom. The wealthy laity are unmolested, but those who give their lives in service to God and mankind are despoiled because they do not fight in their own defence. Not only church edifices and religious houses and colleges and schools have been seized by the Italian Government, but personal property, church effects, MSS., and private records of the orders, etc., etc. The list is a long one. The astronomical instruments presented to the celebrated Jesuit astronomer, Father Secchi, even after the promise had been given that these should be left untouched, were gobbled up with the rest.

Indignant protestations of immunity from all dishonesty in the official Treasury from such a Government would be amusing were it not in truth such a grim and very real tragedy.

J. G. ROBINS.

Munich, Germany, July 25.

Literature

THE CONTINUATION OF ROPES'S "CIVIL WAR."

The Story of the Civil War, in Continuation of the Story by John Codman Ropes. By William R. Livermore, U. S. A. Part III: The Campaigns of 1863 to July 10. Book I: Chancellorsville, Operations against Vicksburg, etc. Book II: Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Tullahoma, and Gettysburg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 vols. $5 net.

It is more than fourteen years since the second volume of John Codman Ropes's "Story of the Civil War" was reviewed in these columns. In spite of some undue severities of judgment, the work took rank at once as a masterpiece of military literature, and still remains the best account of the early operations of the war. Upon the death of the author, in 1899, the publishers announced that an effort would be made to have the work continued by a competent hand; and the present volumes, together forming Part iii of the series, are the fruit of that attempt. So far as knowledge of military science goes, no more competent authority than Col. Livermore could have been procured; and he has the further advantage of having enjoyed intimate personal acquaintance with Ropes during the preparation of the original volumes.

One does not read far, however, in the volumes now published without being struck by the difference in the methods of the two authors. In accuracy and fulness of technical and general knowledge, in careful study of topography, and in attention to the details of military movements and plans, Col. Livermore is in no way inferior to his predecessor. His text, as well as his footnotes, shows thorough acquaintance with the voluminous literature, documentary and personal, of the Civil War. Yet in certain other important respects commendation must be more sparingly given. Ropes united in rare perfectness the painstaking accuracy of the scholar and military expert with the charm of the accomplished writer. In a field highly technical and detailed, he knew what to select and what to leave out. In Col. Livermore's volumes, on the other hand, it is often hard to see the forest for the trees. His pages are crammed with military detail, important and unimportant, and studded with paragraphs virtually meaningless save as the statements of the text are traced out on the map. When to this annoying lack of proportion is added a literary style rarely rising above the level of matter-of-fact narration, we have as the inevitable result a work whose bewildering details of position and manœuvre, of attack and defence, of charge and retreat, often obscure the course of events, and leave the reader with no clear impression of what is happening. There could be no more striking illustration of this defect than in Col. Livermore's account of the battle of Gettysburg, where an absolutely exhaustive analysis of the military operations affords, nevertheless, no more intelligent view of the conflict as a whole than most of the participants themselves probably enjoyed.

Qualified, however, as the praise of Col. Livermore's performance must be on all save technical points, it is nevertheless fair to remember that the period with which he deals differs, in important respects, from that which engaged the attention of Ropes. The military operations of the first twelve months of the Civil War, disheartening as most of them were to the North, had at least the interest, very significant for the historian, of the untried and the experimental. No one then knew how great the war might become or how long it might last. The operations on the Mississippi from April, 1862, on the other hand, and the campaigns of 1863 to and including Gettysburg, were the critical period of the war. Beginning with "gloomy failures" East and West, the period ends with notable Federal victories. The days of crude experiments and untrained men were passing, and those of great campaigns and grand strategy had come. Holding, as he does, that "the manner in which the troops were directed in campaign, and especially in battle, had more influence on the result than is generally appreciated" (Bk. I, p. iv), Col. Livermore is amply justified in narrating and discuss-

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ing military operations more fully than did Ropes. We have no quarrel with him for dissecting every army and eviscerating every campaign. But it is also true that into this same critical period fall some of the most brilliant operations of the war. The taking of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, the sundering of the Confederacy by the recovery of the Mississippi, and the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, rank in modern warfare as operations of the first magnitude; and we cannot but regret that Col. Livermore's pages, of the highest value on the technical side, should as a rule leave the reader with the impression, not that the events were great, but only that they were extremely complicated.

To summarize either the narrative or the technical contents of these volumes would far exceed any reasonable limits of a review; and we must confine ourselves to comments upon a few points only, and to notice of a few of the author's more significant judgments. The story opens with the second attempt on Vicksburg, in July, 1862; an attempt which failed because Halleck, having divided the army which he had assembled at Corinth, was too weak to cooperate with Farragut (I, 21). On July 17 Halleck went to Washington as general-in-chief, leaving Grant in temporary command of the Armies of the Tennessee and the Mississippi. In October, Rosecrans repulsed the Confederates at Corinth, thereby insuring his own military reputation; but Col. Livermore concludes that Grant, though overestimating the strength of the enemy, and in error in supposing that his army could not live off the country, was right in cutting short the pursuit of Van Dorn beyond the Hatchie (I, 42). January, 1863, saw the failure of a third attempt on Vicksburg, the responsibility for which is to be ascribed in part to Lincoln's mistaken confidence in McClernand, in part to Halleck's effort to support Lincoln without losing Corinth, and in part to Grant's loyal attempt to carry out Halleck's orders (I, 68).

The objective points were now Vicksburg and Richmond, with the Emancipation Proclamation as an additional incentive to the vigorous prosecution of the war. Upon Hooker rested the responsibility of insuring Federal success in the East. Hooker's course at this time will probably continue to be debated for many a day to come. Col. Livermore's judgment is that, while Hooker "was accredited with skill in conducting a fight under his own eye," "his mind was not equal to the task of directing and coördinating the operations of large bodies of troops of whose relative positions he could judge only from reports" (I, 115). For his apparently rash course in dividing his army, in the face of the enemy, at the passage of the Rappahannock, the author expresses approval, on the ground that "his movements are so carefully planned that if any part of his line is attacked, it can hold its ground, or fall back until so reinforced as to outnumber the enemy" (I, 127); and although by May 1 he had lost his chance to surround or capture Lee's army, "he still retained complete control of the situation" (I, 148). For Lee's plan of attacking Hooker in flank at Chancellorsville, however, there is no praise; and Jackson's movement had the partial success that it did only "through the stupendous blunders of Hooker, and especially through the persistent negligence and blind credulity of Howard" (I, 151). After Hooker's disabling injury "it is hardly profitable any longer to consider his motives. There is, in fact, no reason to suppose that his orders would have been wise, even if he had not been struck" (I, 211, 212). The judgment is severe, but it cannot be said to be undeserved.

For Grant's course in his fourth attempt on Vicksburg, in February, 1863, there is frank and pointed criticism:

> There can hardly be a doubt but that, by some expedient, Grant could have found means, by land or water or both, to convey his men across the peninsula opposite Vicksburg; and to this end his first efforts should have been directed from the moment he decided to send his main force down the river.
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> If Grant could open a route west of the Mississippi to a point south of Vicksburg where troops could embark, he could send steamers and barges without troops, protected by cotton, hay, and grain, down past the batteries to ferry the troops from New Carthage to the eastern bank; he could supply them by the same route, or by barges sent down the Mississippi; and then choose his own point of landing below, gain the bluffs, and advance to the interior, or fall back on the fleet (I, 234, 235).

In such a plan, Col. Livermore thinks, Porter would have coöperated. Had Lincoln not expressed so decided an interest in the old canal, Grant would have been saved the "series of experiments" which consumed time and diverted the enemy and the public, but in which, as he later admitted, he "never felt great confidence." For Grant's final operations behind Vicksburg, on the other hand, Col. Livermore speaks a hearty commendation, declaring them to have been "wisely and prudently conducted," and a more than ample offset to his "imprudence" at Shiloh and his "repeated failures to reach Vicksburg by other routes" (II, 328). The later surrender of Port Hudson, however, was not due to the fall of Vicksburg, but to the greater success of the siege operations and the exhaustion of the garrison (II, 401).

Nearly half of Part ii is devoted to Gettysburg, the whole plan and course of the battle being examined in the greatest detail. Col. Livermore's opinion of Lee at this point coincides with that of Fitzhugh Lee, namely, that Lee, whose knowledge of strategy was at least equal to Meade's, yielded to "tender-heartedness" in not withdrawing Ewell's corps after having decided that Longstreet was to attack. That he would not have so yielded had he not expected to succeed, is as probable as that he would not have expected success "if he had not so often violated the principles of grand tactics with impunity. . . . He thought that it was better to risk the consequences of a false move, than to offend his subordinates or demoralize his own army. He was gambling in the art of war." With fewer troops than Meade, and a line twice as long, his plan to attack Meade's left could have succeeded only by "concentrating there the main body of his army, and keeping the rest of it out of action, while making demonstrations to deceive Meade as to the point of attack" (II, 440, 441).

The sixty maps and plans which accompany the text are of the greatest usefulness. The scheme of a volume in two parts seems an unnecessary obstacle to easy reference, however, and the proof-reading has not always been carefully done. There are two indexes, of persons and topics, and a full analytical table of contents.

CURRENT FICTION.

[OLD HEROINES AND NEW.]

The Glad Heart. By E. Maria Albanesi. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd.

The Beloved Enemy. The same.

The Long Engagement. By E. S. Stevens. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Fire and Frost. By Maud Cruttwell. New York: John Lane Co.

The Opening Door. By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Harper & Bros.

Despite the advent of the cigarette and the incipiency of the vote for women, many of the most popular English novelists still find it possible to deal with the old materials of romance, still find profit in the sharp contrast of feminine and masculine, still believe in the ingenue and the rough conquering male, still drop the final curtain to the tune of "The Voice that Breathes O'er Eden." To this faithful and not unrewarded band belongs E. Maria Albanesi. The stories in hand are characteristic. "The Glad Heart" was published three years ago, and is still running to fresh editions. "The Beloved Enemy" is new, but will doubtless survive the current season. Ellen Milner, the heroine of the earlier tale, is as fair and fond a juvenile as may be found in the pages of William Black or Mrs. de la Pasture. Left penniless by the spendthrift squire, her father, she never dreams of setting forth to conquer the world of men in

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the manly fashion of the maiden-to-date. There are open to her only the two immemorial occupations of helpless femininity—to be a governess or to be a companion. An unmarried middle-aged man of her acquaintance finds her a place as companion, a place such as only a heroine of her vintage could have endured for a day. But she does endure, and gratitude to the stupid gentleman who has procured her discomfort is easily converted into love when, in the end, she discovers the wonderful fact that he wishes her to be his. And so presently "the pretty white gown was on and fastened, and the wreath and veil adjusted"—and the curtain drops to the familiar air.

Betty of "The Beloved Enemy" is a less conventional figure. At the outset she even threatens to be modern. We soon perceive, however, that her individualism is of the butterfly and not of the queen bee. She scorns the honest but humble youth who lays his heart at her feet. Her punishment is marriage to a weakling and the conversion of the misprised youth into a multi-millionaire. But, of course, we are not to be disappointed of our final curtain. Betty herself has not only trials to bear and perils to weather, but a transformation to undergo. Here the author compasses a really fine bit of character-study. Instead of violently converting her Betty from pleasure-lover to prig, she shows her under the daily discipline of life gradually developing innate elements of strength; so that when her bearish but faithful millionaire (an American who speaks the tongue neither of men nor of angels) finally wins her, we feel that he is a really lucky fellow: which is as it should be.

"The Long Engagement" offers a good opportunity for transition, since it contains two heroines, one of the older type and one of the new. Melody Waller is sweet and feminine and unpractical —of the Betty type, though less selfish and with more sense of humor. She has been engaged for some years to a poor schoolmaster, who is saddled with three sisters, and has a morbid notion of his responsibility for them. The engagement, for no clear reason, has not been announced. Even her father, a retired colonel whom she adores, does not know of it. To the humiliation of this half-furtive relation is added the fact that Schoolmaster Dominick has fallen to a way of taking her rather for granted. The prospect of their being able to marry does not improve. Altogether, when the colonel loses his money, and wishes her to marry a rich baronet—but we shall not rehearse the rest of Melody's story, since there is a thrill at the end of it which should not be forestalled. Enough to hint that, at the eleventh hour, she proves herself worthy of the reader's affections in a very old-fashioned way.

Dominick's sister Joan is the other heroine, a girl of the wide-eyed, independent, good-fellow type. With her sisters, mere caricatures of unco' guid spinsterhood, she has nothing in common. Quite ignorant of men, she is ready to trust them all as brothers. Revolt against being a burden upon Dominick leads naturally to a brief experience in a London office. It culminates in a scene with her employer in a private dining-room which recalls the "feature" scene of Mr. Wells's "Ann Veronica." No such destiny as Ann's is in store for her, however. She remains a fledgling in the flock of the emancipated, and the unadvanced reader will be glad to see the nice girl on the way to marriage with a nice boy before we have done with her.

With the two remaining novels in our group, we are in for the real thing: the modern heroine in diverse aspects of her glory. The author of "Fire and Frost" has little to say of equal political rights. Her plea is for the moral and physical independence of woman. Indeed, she holds a brief for spinsterhood as the ideal state. The continuance of the race is nothing to her, a wife is a degraded person, and a mother is a victim. Her Clare Glynne is a successful and enviable person, so long as she is content with her independent means, and her freedom to potter about among the art treasures of Italy. But she permits herself to drift into marriage with an Egyptian prince, and, worse, to fall in love with him. He is good for nothing, but that is a mere incident. If he had been the noblest of men, Sibyl's passion for him would, we gather, have still been debasing. She is conscious of her error, and presently confides it to an old friend. He assures her that the soul is at war with the senses, that love and desire have nothing in common, and that she must meet her husband on the only meeting-ground possible—that of affection. At this point the old friend places a sympathetic arm about Clare, the gesture is misinterpreted by observers, and a divorce ensues, providentially freeing the lady from her bondage, and setting her in the right way again. The last we hear of her is as author of a remarkable and instantly famous book, "a study of character under the veil of romance, . . . defending the cause of Woman versus Man with such force and ability, with such impartiality and comprehension, and, above all, with such delicate tact, that even the men themselves have had to applaud."

Such praise would be a trifle too high for Mr. Forman's story, but it defends the cause of Woman in dignified and even appealing fashion. It is not a mere tract, but a good story in itself. Its people are real. Its heroine is human and lovable as well as modern. She dawns upon us as a maiden of the old school in type and training. She has the profile of a Greek goddess, and is just "finishing" her education at a select school which has never advanced beyond the standards of 1830, which carefully prevents its pupils from learning anything of value, and prepares them for life by asserting that "the Crown of Womanhood is Sacrifice." Then comes a sudden awakening to the perception that human experience is not the affair of a few banalities and timidities and platitudes, but a field of action in which each must play his part. And finally comes the slowly growing conviction that her own part must have something to do with the struggle of her sex for self-respect and self-expression. Her first attempts to serve "the Cause" are failures. She is not made to be a district visitor or a public speaker in the interests of suffrage. In a moment of reaction she becomes the wife of a man whom she really loves. The man has utter contempt for "the Screaming Sisterhood," weariness and the self-protective instinct keep her silent, and for a time she is able to smother her sense of public duty in mere private happiness. But she cannot kill that sense, and it presently emerges, to the dismay and rage of the husband. He attempts high-handed methods, whereupon she lays down the law: marriage is a free partnership; there can be no question of petty dictation on either side. "That means you defy me straight?" he said. "Defy? Oh! Why, yes, in the sense you mean it, I suppose I do. I'm a grown woman, mistress of myself, married to you by my own free will—your wife, not your servant. I oughtn't to have to claim the right to think my own thoughts, choose my own friends, if they are respectable, speak what decent words I may wish to." In the end the husband is enlightened, and we leave him giving suffrage dinners, and calling complacently upon his infant daughter to repeat the only phrase she knows: "Votes for Women." The history sounds raw in the abstract, but it is skilfully and—a rare thing in narratives of this order—amiably told.

AN INDUSTRIOUS LIFE.

All the Days of My Life. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3.50 net.

The casual reader who glances at the sentimental sub-title, "The Red Leaves of a Human Heart," may be tempted to close this volume at the beginning. But he will be rewarded if he resists that temptation. For Mrs. Barr has told with frankness, simplicity, and extraordinary vividness the story of an unusually full and varied life. The style is unliterary, at times even ungrammatical; but Pepys has been forgiven for worse sins against grammar than Mrs. Barr is guilty of. Like him, she has the keenest sentimental interest in herself

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and in all the details of her past life; she can describe exactly the dresses she liked herself best in and the dinners she most enjoyed, forty, fifty, or sixty years ago. Such a zest in small pleasures is a godsend to the autobiographer; one might almost say that it is a mark of the great autobiographer. It inspired, for instance, some of the most famous passages of Rousseau's "Confessions."

As one reads the book one cannot help being reminded of another seventeenth-century worthy, unlike Pepys in all but his restless energy; of Cotton Mather, and his motto, "Fructuosus." Entering the career of matrimony at nineteen, Mrs. Barr brought into the world nine children; entering the career of authorship at thirty-nine, she wrote more than sixty books, besides countless short stories, sketches, essays, and poems. The vicissitudes of both these careers, either of which would have exhausted the energies of two or three ordinary women, she describes with great vivacity. The daughter of a Methodist minister in the north of England, she received the rather haphazard education regarded as sufficient for girls in those days, and taught for a year and a half in a girls' school. Many little episodes of this early life are lovingly chronicled. The day when her father brought home the first boxes of "Congreve or Lucifer matches" was a red-letter day in the family:

> My father took us all into a dark room and permitted each person to strike a light. Laughter and exclamations of wonder and pleasure greeted each fresh match as it burst into instantaneous flame, and even Ann (the old servant) was enthusiastic. . . . We had both read and heard wonderful things of these matches for nearly three years, but the first put upon the market were intended only for the rich; for they were in more or less costly caskets, the cheapest of which was sold for a guinea.

At nineteen Amelia married Robert Barr, a prosperous young merchant of Glasgow. As was natural, Robert's mother was bitterly opposed to his marrying a girl who was English and Methodist, and Amelia's trials with her new relatives are amusingly described. Best of all, perhaps, is the account of how, after her husband had failed in business, she stole a march on her mother-in-law in spiriting the family away to America without the old lady's knowledge. This required a strategy truly Napoleonic. Robert himself, however, was a thorough Scot, and Mrs. Barr complains humorously of the trials his Scottish reserve and obstinacy brought upon her. "It is scarcely an exaggeration," she observes, "to say that no Scotchman ever tells his wife the truth, and the whole truth, about his affairs." Later, in Texas, "he wanted to rent a farm, and get away from the fret and friction of the times. I pointed out that neither of us knew anything about farming, and that Texas farming was *special* in every department. . . . There is, however, no use in talking to a Scotchman who has made up his mind. God Almighty alone can change it, so I took to praying. Perhaps it was not very loyal to pray against my husband's plans, but circumstances alter cases, and this was a case that had to be altered." It is pleasant, but perhaps needless, to add that it was altered.

Throughout the Civil War the Barrs lived in Austin. Later they moved to Galveston; and here in the terrible yellow fever epidemic of 1867, Mrs. Barr lost her husband and her two remaining sons, and herself narrowly escaped death. Less than three months later, a son, the ninth of her children, was born, to live only a few days. From this series of blows, which would have crushed most women in body and spirit, Mrs. Barr rallied with indomitable courage. For the sake of her daughters, she resolved that she must live; and within a few months she had regained vigorous health. For a year and a half she supported her children by taking boarders; but this venture proving unsuccessful, she moved to New York to begin life anew. "I had five dollars and eighteen cents in my purse," she says. "I had no relatives in America, no one I felt at liberty to ask assistance from. I stood absolutely alone in the battle of life, but I was confident that God and Amelia Barr were a multitude."

The sequel proved that this confidence was entirely justified. Mrs. Barr soon found that she could write what people liked to read; and for much of her work she was pretty well paid. Poetry, for instance, was with her a mere incidental; "the vision and the faculty divine," as she says, "were not mine"; yet for fifteen years she made a thousand dollars or more a year from the sale of her verse alone. Her industry is almost incredible; it puts to shame even that of a writer like Anthony Trollope. Between March 25 and April 30, 1883, for instance, her diary shows that she wrote a complete novel, "Cluny Macpherson," working on it eight or nine hours a day, and that during the same period she wrote twelve poems and short articles in her leisure moments.

Meanwhile her comments on her home life are as interesting and lively as ever. An amusing light is thrown on the sharp distinction she always made between life and fiction by the following bit of conversation with one of her daughters, whom she had reproved for seeking counsel of a Catholic priest. Mrs. Barr had asked:

> "But why not go to God for advice?"
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> "Mamma, there are things like love letters, for instance. Would you go to God with them?"
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> "Yes," I replied. "Love letters may be very important things. At any rate, your mother might be better than a priest."
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> "Mamma, dear, you know that you have a fixed conviction that love affairs should only occur in books. Now Frank is not a 'character,' he is a real, living, very delightful man."

It would be impossible, in any adequate notice of the book, to ignore its account of the author's religion. To Mrs. Barr religion means a direct personal relation with God; but it also means some other things. Like Cotton Mather, to whom we have already compared her, she believes firmly in angels and demons, in dreams and signs and warnings. She believes in reincarnation, because only so can she justify what seems to be undeserved suffering. She speaks of her religion as freely and plainly as Bunyan or Mather did of his. Certainly her own life is evidence of the truth of her advice: "I press upon the young, not to be ashamed of their disposition to be sentimental or religious. It is the sentimental young men who conquer; it is the men steeped in religious thought and aspiration who do things."

The total impression of the book is one of immense energy, tempered by homely kindliness, sentiment, and humor. It is a "human document" of rare interest and vitality.

The Fall of the Dutch Republic. By Hendrick William Van Loon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.

It goes without saying that, since Motley's day, every one has heard of the rise of the Dutch Republic, even if many have never known anything else about it; but with respect to its latter end it is probably true, as Mr. Van Loon says in his preface, that most English readers are in the predicament of his friend who was not aware that "the thing had ever fallen." Mr. Van Loon assures his readers that it did fall, and he proposes to explain in popular language why it fell.

The language which he employs is indeed popular in the sense of being easily understood; popular, also, in being generally interesting, spiced with a kindly sort of satirical humor at the expense of the people whose qualities and foibles he so thoroughly understands. It is true, the humor sometimes, and rather frequently, falls to the level of the commonplace—"Divine Providence was kept working overtime listening to all the prayers of patriotic citizens," is the sort of thing the discriminating reader would prefer omitted. Yet occasionally one comes across something excellent, as in the preface, where the author remarks that "some few, who had taken English history in college, had dim recollections of a certain William of Orange who, as the husband of Queen Mary, had played some sort of rôle in the works of the late Lord Macaulay."

The title of the book is a good one. But for all that one might find it difficult to maintain that there ever was a

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Dutch Republic, or, if there was one, to say just when it fell. A most persistent characteristic of Dutch history was the rivalry between the regent families of Holland and the House of Orange. When the former, who were backed by the bourgeois class, were in the ascendant, the government was an oligarchy; when the latter, which found its support among the nobility and the people, was dominant, it was a more or less effective dictatorship: in either case, Dutch political institutions were republican only in form. Mr. Van Loon understands this perfectly, and he is nowhere more satisfactory than in describing the complex and cumbersome machinery of the provincial governments, or explaining how the real power fell sometimes to the regents and sometimes to the Stadtholder, or narrating the circumstances which brought the one or the other to the fore.

And if we were content to call this curious mixture of Regents, Stadtholders, and town councils a republic, nothing is easier than to say that it disappeared, like so much else of the *ancien régime*, in the revolutionary upheaval—virtually when the French armies entered and took possession, formally when the Batavian republic was established in March, 1895: and in an external sense these events constitute the fall of the republic. Yet Mr. Van Loon carries the story scarcely beyond 1783, closing with a very sketchy account of the later events. By the fall of the republic he would have us understand something more vital than the mere overthrow of a form of government. He is, indeed, concerned to trace the causes of the decline of Dutch influence in the eighteenth century—the failure of Dutch heroism in war, of Dutch achievements in art and letters, of Dutch ascendency in trade, of Dutch prestige in politics and diplomacy—rather than any changes in the externals of social life.

The explanation Mr. Van Loon finds primarily in the enervating effects of great material prosperity. In the eighteenth century the rich burgher class was mainly intent on investing safely the wealth which their ancestors had accumulated. They wished, above all, to cut their coupons regularly in order to live comfortably without too much exertion. The result was a marked relaxation of moral fibre, a decay of civic virtue, a dearth of heroic characters. And, inasmuch as a great deal of Dutch wealth was invested in France, the fear of offending France resulted at last in the breach with England, which, as Mr. Van Loon thinks, was the chief mistake.

There is much truth in all this; and yet one may well question whether Mr. Van Loon has sufficiently emphasized the fact that both the rise and the fall of Dutch power were inseparably connected with the larger aspects of European politics. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries circumstances, in so far as diplomacy is concerned, were almost all in favor of the Dutch; in the eighteenth almost all against them. One may well doubt whether they could have won independence without the aid of France and England; and certainly in the seventeenth century the exigencies of French and English politics left the Holland merchants a wonderfully free hand in exploiting the East Indies. But in the eighteenth century the Dutch were caught between two fires: their chief political enemy was France, which, nevertheless, they could not afford to offend because so much of their capital was invested there; their chief political friend was England, whose commercial interests in India and America were nevertheless diametrically opposed to their own. Now, the rivalry of France and England was perhaps the most fundamental thing in eighteenth-century diplomacy, and the helplessness of the Dutch, bound to England by the need of protection and to France by the desire for profit, lay precisely in the impossibility of taking sides in the great struggle. And the dilemma was the more perplexing inasmuch as it accentuated the old opposition between the House of Orange and the Regents of Holland; the former was pro-English, the latter were pro-French.

Mr. Van Loon does not fail to exhibit this dilemma, and for the most part he confines himself to explication. But his sympathies are rather with the House of Orange—although he clearly appreciates the contemptible abilities of its representatives—and he is quite of the opinion that the breach with England was the fatal mistake of all, a mistake for which the Dutch paid "with complete political annihilation, and with almost a century of stagnation." Surely, this is to overshoot the mark. The breach with England was only temporary, after all. The Triple Alliance of 1788, one of the great triumphs of Pitt, put the Dutch in a more advantageous position diplomatically than any they had held since the time of the great William; and when "political annihilation" finally came, it came in spite of the effort of England, backed by a European coalition, to prevent it. Apart from the French Revolution, one may say there was little danger to Dutch independence; but with the Revolution, it is difficult to suppose that the result would have been different whatever policy the Dutch Government might have adopted.

Dawn in Darkest Africa. By John H. Harris. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. the Earl of Cromer. With illustrations and a map. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

To help forward the march of progress in West Central Africa is the object of the author in writing this book. The information in it was gained during missionary work, beginning in 1898, which included extensive journeys, a recent one having been "something like 5,000 miles through the western equatorial regions." Before becoming a missionary he held a responsible position in a leading commercial house in London, and so gained insight into foreign and colonial questions. As Lord Cromer says in his Introduction, he has brought an exceedingly evenly balanced mind to his task and does not confuse the ideal with the practical in his suggested solutions of the problems presented to the African administrator.

He begins with a brief description of the native and his medley of customs, and shows that he is by nature a trader and often a successful farmer. One in Southern Nigeria has developed 200 acres of land so that he "has now a turnover of nearly £20,000 a year." The all-round industry of the woman is so great that "hardly anything comes strange to those deft fingers and muscular arms." Then he treats of the effects of civilization on the African and the white man's burdens in his Government. These can be borne successfully only by having a high class of officials. Here Lord Cromer supports him most emphatically, saying, "I have always held that 75 per cent. of the influence of British officials for good depends on character, and only 25 per cent. on brains." Mr. Harris believes that if the officials should refuse to drink any intoxicating spirits in public for three years, the detestable liquor traffic, with slavery the greatest of West African curses, would decrease by at least one-half. "The natives, rightly led by the press, and the movement supported by the officials and by the ministers of the native churches, would take fire, so to speak, until the drinking of spirits would become 'incorrect form.'"

The embarrassing labor question is discussed at length and attention is called again and again to the fact that slavery still exists in the Portuguese colonies. In regard to the great natural products of the region, rubber, oil palm, and cocoa, he shows that through the ruinous policy of the late King Leopold the supply of rubber in the Belgian Congo is almost exhausted. In the British provinces the cultivation of the cocoa plant is beginning to grip the native mind to such an extent that the exports from Southern Nigeria alone have increased from 288,614 pounds in 1903 to 6,567,181 pounds in 1910. A brief sketch of the progress of missions, with favorable references to the Roman Catholics, and a forecast of the future of West Central Africa, concludes the work.

His suggestions in the last chapter, entitled The Map of Africa Re-arranged, are based on his conviction that the financial burden of caring for the vast

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Congo region is too heavy for Belgium to bear, and that the French have practically failed in their rule of the Equatorial African colony, formerly known as the French Congo, because of their following King Leopold's methods of treating the natives. He believes, therefore, that a ray of hope would come to the darkest region of the Dark Continent if the Belgian Upper Congo and the French Congo should be transferred to Germany. This would unite the Cameroons with German East Africa, giving to the empire a great and uninterrupted trans-African colony governed on the right principles. Mr. Harris tells nothing of his own work, but supports his assertions and conclusions often by his own experiences with the natives and from information derived from them. His book is not a personal narrative, then, in any sense, but it might be rightly termed a treatise on the main principles which should guide those who are called to rule a backward and primitive society. It is well illustrated by sixty reproductions of photographs, and has a map of Central and South African colonies with "mother countries" drawn to the same scale.

Godoy: The Queen's Favorite. By Edmund B. D'Auvergne. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

The historical truth about Manuel Godoy is stranger than most fiction. In 1784, as a poor but handsome youth of seventeen, he rode into Madrid from his native province of Estremadura to seek a career. His face and his effrontery were his fortune. Through his brother he became a bandoleer in the Royal Guards. As guardsman he stood duty at the royal palace, attracted the attention of the powerful and passionate queen, Maria Luisa, and became her lover. Through her favor he became the trusted adviser of the stupid king, Charles IV. Then, for nearly twenty years, this provincial upstart ruled the Spanish Empire with a power more absolute than that of the absolute King himself. The strong-willed Queen ruled her husband, and through her favor Godoy ruled the state. But the Queen was many years older than the favorite, and not beautiful. It was not unnatural that Godoy soon fell in love with the charming young Doña Tudó; though he could live with her only in secret, he loved her more deeply and permanently than any one else; and after his downfall he married her in order to legitimize the two children that she had borne him. Meanwhile, however, at the command of the King, he married one of the King's nieces, whom he did not love. The author thinks it probable that the Queen was responsible for this match; she thought her relations to Godoy would be less likely to become a subject of public scandal, and that she should be less worried by jealousy of Godoy's other loves, if he were formally and decorously married to a woman to whom he was indifferent.

The facts of Godoy's life, therefore, are not lacking in interest and historical importance, and they have lost nothing in Mr. D'Auvergne's telling; for he knows how to tell a good story well. He is justified in his "hopes that the book will prove interesting to the general reader." But this is not the only purpose of his biography. "It is an earnest attempt to do tardy justice to a patriotic statesman on whom his countrymen have been too long allowed to lay the blame of their own folly." With this in mind the author has carefully studied Godoy's own memoirs and much of the best modern literature of the subject; he has even dipped into the papers of the Foreign Office for a few reports from English agents in Spain during the Napoleonic period. In his statement of facts he is accurate, but in his interpretation of the facts and in his comments he often goes as far from the truth in one direction as Godoy's detractors have gone in the other. He would have us believe that Godoy always pursued, under the circumstances, the wisest and most successful policy for Spain, and that he was even a match for Napoleon in intrigue. Unfortunately, events proved otherwise. Nearly every move which Spain made under his direction after 1796 brought disaster and disgrace to the royal family and to the Spanish nation. He himself was mobbed, deprived of all his offices and power, and made a miserable wandering exile for more than forty years, until his unnoticed death in 1851. That the author believes Godoy to have been a great and wise statesman may be due to his own idea of the requirements for statesmanship (p. 60): "There is no great mystery or technic in the so-called science of politics; common-sense and a cool, courageous head will enable any man to deal with the problems which diplomatists pretend are almost insoluble."

Notes

Longmans, Green & Co. announce the publication, in parts, of "The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures." The general editors are the Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S.J., and the Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J. The first named has prepared Part i, "The First and Second Epistles to the Thessalonians," newly translated from the original text, with introduction, critical and explanatory notes, appendices, and map.

The same house will add shortly to the American Citizen series "Organized Democracy," by Frederick A. Cleveland.

The Century Co. issues this week: A new book of short stories, "Murder in Any Degree," by Owen Johnson; Alexander Irvine's tribute to his mother, "My Lady of the Chimney Corner"; Jack London's story of his life, "John Barleycorn," and Robert Haven Schauffler's "Romantic America," with many illustrations.

Four novels appear this week from the press of George H. Doran Co. They are: "Rue and Roses," by Angela Langer; "Because of Jane," by J. E. Buckrose; "A Garden of Spices," by A. Keith-Fraser, and "Rising Dawn," by Harold Begbie.

Early in the autumn the Outing Publishing Co. will bring out: "The Coming of the Law," a novel by Charles Alden Seltzer; "Our Southern Highlanders," by Horace Kephart; "A Year with a Whaler," by W. N. Burns, and two outing handbooks—"Tennis Tactics," by R. D. Little, and "Ice Boating," by H. L. Stone.

The following volumes will be issued by Little, Brown & Co. in a few weeks: "The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton," by E. Phillips Oppenheim; "Joan Thursday," a new story of adventure, by Louis Joseph Vance; "The Prince Imperial," a biography of Napoleon III's heir by his tutor, Augustin Filon; "The Tragedy of Mary Stuart," by Henry C. Shelley, and "Wards of the State: An Unofficial View of Prison and the Prisoner," by Tighe Hopkins. In the last-named book the discussion is confined in the main to imprisonment in England at the present time.

A new detective story, "The Insidious Dr. Fu-Manchu," by Sax Rohmer, is in the list of McBride, Nast & Co.

The autumn list of Frederick A. Stokes Co. has, in fiction: "The Soul of Melicent," by James Branch Cabell; "Dave's Daughter," by Patience Bevier Cole; "The Headquarter Recruit, and Other Stories," by Richard Dehan; "A Modern Eve," by May Edginton; "Anne, Actress," by Juliet G. Sager; "The Heart of the Desert," by Honoré Willsie, and editions of Dickens's "Christmas Stories" and "A Christmas Carol."—Miscellaneous: "The Pleasures of Bookland"; "Lord Lister, his Life and Work," by G. T. Wrench; Alfred Noyes's "Collected Poems"; "You Can," by George Matthew Adams; "The Maxims of Noah," by Gelett Burgess; "Japan as I Saw It," by A. H. Exner; "Prince Charlie," by William Power; "Football for Public and Player," by Herbert Reed; "Mary, Queen of Scots," by H. T. Skae, and Oscar Wilde's "The Happy Prince."

Henry Holt & Company have a long list of autumn publications. It includes, in fiction: A new novel by William De Morgan (title not given); "The Garden Without Walls," by Coningsby Dawson; "Making Over Martha," by Julie M. Lippmann; "Mother's Son," by Beulah Marie Dix; "The Dust of the Road," by Marjorie Patterson; "Bransford in Arcadia, or The Little Eohippus," by Eugene Manlove Rhodes; "What Happened in the Night, and Other Stories," by James Hopper; "All Men Are Ghosts," by L. P. Jacks; "The Morning's War," by C. E. Montague; "The Yoke of Pity," by Julien Benda, translated by Gilbert Cannan, and "Pity the Poor Blind," by H. H. Bashford.—Gift books: "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales," illustrated by W. Heath Robinson; "The Home Book of Verse," in two volumes, by Burton E. Stevenson; "Village

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Life in America (1852-1872)," third edition enlarged and illustrated by Caroline Cowles Richards, with an introduction by Margaret E. Sangster; William James's "On Some of Life's Ideals," and "The Arabian Nights," edited by Frances Jenkins Olcott, illustrated by Munro Orr.—Economics, government, and sociology: "Social Insurance," by I. M. Rubinow; "National Supremacy: Treaty Power versus State Power," by Edward S. Corwin; "Mercantile Credit," by Prof. J. E. Hagerty; "Marxism vs. Socialism," by V. G. Simkhovitch, and "The Jews of To-day," by Arthur Ruppin.—Miscellaneous: "Ten More Plays of Shakespeare," by Stopford A. Brooke; "Modern English Literature," by G. H. Mair; "The Mastery of Grief," by Bolton Hall; "The World Soul," by H. Fielding-Hall; "Napoleon," by H. A. L. Fisher, and "The Confessions of a Tenderfoot," by Ralph Stock.

We have received from Macmillan a de luxe edition in two volumes of Pater's "Marius the Epicurean." It is beautifully printed in Riccardi type on handsome Riccardi paper, and of the thousand numbered copies struck off two hundred and fifty are reserved for this country. The title-page has been engraved after the design of Mr. Herbert P. Horne. The price is ten dollars, net. In addition, twelve copies have been printed on vellum, of which ten are for sale. The style of this work and the hero's eclectic procedure make a choice edition eminently fitting: "Marius," cheaply printed, would be a distressing spectacle.

"Poems," by Alice Meynell (Scribner), designated as "The Collected Edition," includes the contents of her two previous volumes, "Preludes" and "Later Poems," and in addition a few after verses hitherto uncollected. As a record of two decades —Mrs. Meynell's first volume was published in 1893—the book is not remarkable for bulk. Nor is it, to be quite truthful, particularly remarkable for range. In her own words Mrs. Meynell may be described as "a poet of one mood," and that a rather subdued one. And the mood is singularly persistent; it is that of her later as of her earlier poems. To judge from the evidence of her poetry itself, her temper is that of a naturally religious spirit in an age of unfaith. Hence the tinge of melancholy, of spiritual homelessness, which characterizes her expression.

But though Mrs. Meynell's verse may be lacking in volume and compass, it does possess a rare distinction of its own. Tenuous it may be, but it is as fine in its way as it is tenuous. To analyze the secret of its spell is difficult; but it lies as much as anything in imparting to its subjects a kind of familiar intimacy, in bringing great and abstract matters closer through the medium of plain and simple associations. In this manner the lofty is not belittled or prettified; it is endowed with a nearness and friendliness and warmth it did not have before. Of this homeliness and familiarity of conception the little poem entitled "The Lady Poverty" is an admirable example:

> The Lady Poverty was fair:
> But she has lost her looks of late.
> With change of times and change of air.
> Ah slattern! she neglects her hair,
> Her gown, her shoes; she keeps no state
> As once when her pure feet were bare.
>
> Or—almost worse, if worse can be—
> She scolds in parlors, dusts and trims,
> Watches and counts. Oh, is this she
> Whom Francis met, whose step was free,
> Who with Obedience carolled hymns,
> In Umbria walked with Chastity?
>
> Where is her ladyhood? Not here,
> Not among modern kinds of men;
> But in the stony fields, where clear
> Through the thin trees the skies appear,
> In delicate spare soil and fen,
> And slender landscape and austere.

The reader's perplexity over the preface to John D. Barry's "Intimations" (Paul Elder) is but deepened by the book itself. For one does not easily see how what the author calls "the controversial method" could be applied in essays on such topics as "To Understand Is to Forgive," "Cleanliness," "The Kindness of the Poor," "Smiling," "Truth," and "Anger." Nor is it obvious how the "more profitable way" which he declares himself to have followed in developing these topics can be said to be "out of fashion." Perhaps the author is here indicating his belief that little or nothing that he has said in these essays could possibly be denied by any intelligent and reasonable human being; which is true enough, but not necessarily a merit, nor an uncommon characteristic of either writing or talk to-day. It is only fair to the book, however, to say that it contains a good deal of shrewd and suggestive comment, enforced by examples that are almost always apt and fresh, and usually drawn from the author's own experience rather than from his reading. The essays, in fact, are not at all bookish, but are distinctly popular, as their first publication in a newspaper, the San Francisco *Bulletin*, might perhaps lead one to expect.

Prof. C. Alphonso Smith's "What Can Literature Do for Me?" (Doubleday, Page) is not a volume of didactic meditations, but consists of information, exhortation, and advice, all for the most part extremely elementary, and evidently addressed to the entirely uninformed but aspiring student. The six chapter headings promise a systematic, if somewhat thin and sentimental, treatment of the educational possibilities of literature. The argument is rarely close, and is often unmindful of the heading under which it is placed. The heading of chapter two declares that literature "can keep before you the vision of the ideal," and that of chapter five notes that "it can show you the glory of the commonplace." Perhaps the fact is lamentable, but it is nevertheless true that neither of these promises is likely to make a very strong appeal in quarters where appeal is most needed. Some of the advice in the book has the same unfortunate quality as these headings. For example, it will hardly prepossess a real student of literature in favor of this book to find a certain remark on page twelve, in the midst of the conventional censure—implied only, to be sure, but obvious—visited upon several editions of the "Ancient Mariner" for giving some information about the poem and its author, "but not a word as to what the poem has in it for you and me, or of you and me." Here is the remark: "The first thing to do is to find yourself in the poem itself"; a remark which the writer proceeds to elaborate at some length. A remark like this is not excusable on the ground that the author is addressing the uninformed and immature; it is in the wrong manner for address to intelligence of any grade. Chapter three, the longest in the book, though rather loose as a whole, contains some really shrewd remarks. The best of these the interested reader may find for himself on pages 119 and 121. There are also some excellent pages in the last chapter, dealing with what Professor Smith calls our dynamic and our static vocabularies, respectively. The first consists of the words of which we are complete masters; the second, of those which we merely understand, but do not use. At the end of the book there is an index of authors mentioned in the text. It contains something more than 150 names.

Any book should be welcome that makes the inner experiences of the man Job real and significant, and from this point of view Mr. James Strahan's "The Book of Job Interpreted" (Scribner) may be warmly commended. Written in popular style, its interpretations are judicious, and the leading religious ideas of the book are set forth clearly and sympathetically. The English reader can hardly find a better guide than Strahan to the understanding of the greatest of the Old-Hebrew poetical works, which ranks at the same time among the greatest religious productions of the ancient world.

Mrs. Sarah Pike Conger, widow of the late American Minister at Peking, has published through F. G. Brown & Co., of Chicago, a little volume of sketches entitled "Old China and Young America," dedicated to her child friends. The stories are of the simplest kind, told with an old-fashioned didacticism sufficient for their audience, but without much saving grace of humor. Mrs. Conger's admiration for the redoubtable Empress Dowager of China seems to have suffered no diminution since the facts of her career have been made public before the world. Her story, she tells the little ones, "portrays a depth of character that he who looks can perceive, who listens can hear its melody, who feels can know its warmth." A tribute like this shows how genuine must have been the old Empress's personal charm, but a true account of her life would be strong meat for babes if given in detail. There is not much in the book besides personal reminiscences and the gossip of interpreters recounted with a credulity that strikes us as astounding in one who lived six years in Peking. One of her anecdotes will bear repeating: Two Russian soldiers were looting the house of a decent Chinese in Peking after the Boxer débâcle, when the owner, unable to save his property, played the Russian national anthem on his flute. To his amazement, the despoilers stopped abashed and left. The householder happened to be a member of Sir Robert Hart's famous "Foreign Band," and had been told that the Russian hymn was a prayer. It served its purpose as a prayer.

"A Gentle Jehu in Japan" (Dodd, Mead), by Ethel McLean, consists of letters written on a three months' trip to Japan, embellished with some colored photographs. They cover a conventional and limited itinerary and are neither sprightly nor informing. We are told that her day's motor ride around the Island of Oahu cost forty dollars, but that "one can make arrangements

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through an agency, if one is not particular as to whom one goes with, for six dollars a head." And here is the sort of thing we learn from her in Japan: "Leaving our trunks behind at the hotel, to be sent to the station to meet us as we pass through Kobe on our way back to Kioto, in response to a telegram—which, by the way, worked very satisfactorily—we took a 9:30 train from Sannomiya to Onomichi, arriving at the latter place about 4:30 after a comfortable and extremely pretty ride." There are pages quite as interesting as this, but, since a Jehu connotes horsemanship, why should we not hear of the author's driving anywhere in the book?

Henry Greenleaf Pearson's "James S. Wadsworth of Geneseo" (Scribner) is a well-written piece of biography. As the owner of large estates in the Genesee valley, Wadsworth's intelligent interest in agriculture, and the system of tenant farming which he established, early attracted attention; while his wealth and social position, joined to an extensive acquaintance in England and on the Continent, drew to his hospitable home most travellers of note who visited America during the second quarter of the last century. He entered political life as a Van Buren Democrat, but later joined the Republicans, became a recognized leader of the party in New York, and was strongly supported for a place in Lincoln's Cabinet. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was active in sending to the front supplies for the New York troops. Failing of appointment as major-general, he became an aide to McDowell, and presently a brigadier-general and military governor of Washington, in this latter position distinguishing himself by his interest in the freedmen and his stout resistance to the continued enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law. In 1862 he was nominated for Governor of New York on the Republican-Union ticket, but was defeated by Seymour. After the battle of Gettysburg, where he commanded the First Division of the First Corps, he was sent to the Mississippi valley to investigate the condition and treatment of negroes; then he rejoined the Army of the Potomac, and in May, 1864, was mortally wounded at the Wilderness battle. The account of the unseemly behavior of a drunken Confederate during Wadsworth's last hours, given by Capt. Z. B. Adams, of the Fifty-sixth Massachusetts, and quoted by Mr. Pearson without comment, has lately (New York *Times*, July 20) been denied by the surgeon in charge of the hospital, and apparently needs reëxamination.

The twelfth and thirteenth volumes of the publications of the Irish Texts Society, being the numbers for 1910 and 1911 respectively, have lately been issued. In spite of some irregularity in the appearance of its volumes, the Society has steadily pursued its work and has now brought out a considerable series of documents of literary and historical value. Of those now in hand, volume twelve is an edition by the Rev. J. G. O'Keefe of the story of the "Frenzy of Suibhne" (*Buile Suibhne*), and volume thirteen is a continuation of the Rev. J. C. MacErlean's edition of "The Poems of David O'Bruadair." Father MacErlean's first part was reviewed some time ago in these columns. In the second (to be followed by still another) he includes the poems of O'Bruadair, written between 1667 and 1682. They are of the same general character as those of the earlier period—elegies, epithalamia, and pieces of political satire—and are of interest to the historian as expressing the opinions and sentiments of the Gaelic population of Ireland in the time of the Restoration.

The text edited by Mr. O'Keefe is one of the most curious of Irish tales. It relates the adventures of an Irish King Sufbhne (Sweeny) of the seventh century, who, as a result of the curse of St. Ronan, went mad in the battle of Magh Rath. His madness took the peculiar form of levitation, which is mentioned in a number of other Irish stories. He became volatile like a bird, and spent the rest of his days in intermittent flights about the land and periods of wild life in the forest. The situation afforded a fine chance for the fancy of the story-tellers, and the narrative is worked out with much skill in the regular mixed form of prose and verse characteristic of early Irish saga. It is hard to set a definite date for the document, which is written in the artificial Middle Irish literary language that was long maintained in use. Though the manuscripts are all modern, certain references which occur in texts of the Old Irish period prove that the tradition of Suibhne's madness is of ancient origin. There are reasons, nevertheless, for regarding the existing tale as a late literary treatment of the theme rather than as an early popular saga. The editor's work on the text and translation is very competently done, and his introduction is useful as far as it goes. It is to be regretted, however, that Mr. O'Keefe did not supply a fuller discussion of the fundamental element of volatile frenzy. He does not even bring together the other references to such madness in Irish literature; he says nothing of the Scandinavian traditions of flying or leaping maniacs to whom was applied in Old Norse the phrase *vertha at gjalti* (in which the term *gjalti* appears to be derived from the Irish *geilt*); and he makes what is at least a very dubious suggestion in connecting the story of Suibhne with that of Merlin as the Wild Man of the Woods. The wild man in the story of Grisandole, to which Mr. O'Keefe particularly refers, seems to be originally a shape-shifting fairy who comes to separate his wife from a mortal rival. The type is probably represented, more or less completely, in a number of Irish sagas, but we see no sufficient reason for regarding Suibhne as an example of it.

At the time of Padre Luis Coloma's admission to the Real Academia Española, his "Jeromín," which has now been translated by Lady Moreton ("The Story of Don John of Austria"; Lane), was accurately described as an example of a new type of book, half novel and half history. It does great credit to Lady Moreton's frankness and honesty that she prints this significant warning in a prominent paragraph at the beginning of her preface. Provided the reader keeps it clearly and constantly in mind, the present volume will afford him both pleasure and profit. It contrives to string together—without regard either to authenticity or to the question of relevancy to the career of Don John—a large number of the most famous stories and traditions of the Spain of Philip II, unknown, for the most part, to the average English and American reader, but also thoroughly well worth knowing. The introduction of a number of contemporary letters at various points in the text may tempt the unwary to forget the manner of book with which they are dealing, and to treat it as history pure and simple; but if so, it will not be just to blame either author or translator, for both have given fair warning. Let us hope, in conclusion, that Lady Moreton underestimates the intelligence of English readers when she expresses the belief that they are unfamiliar with the fact that an "auto da fe consisted in hearing the sentences pronounced on the prisoners of the Inquisition, not in witnessing their execution, and that in most cases the condemned were garroted before being burnt."

Progress in India is most significantly shown in the present interest in the condition of the "Untouchables," those who are regarded as so debased that the privileges of the Hindu social system and the religious rights of the orthodox classes are denied them. According to the last census they number about eighty millions, or one-sixth of the entire population of the country. This fact has excited so much attention that a book has recently been published in Madras entitled "The Depressed Classes: An Inquiry into their Condition and Suggestions for their Uplift." It is described as a "progressive symposium," and consists of twenty-three articles by well-known writers including the native prince, the Gaekwar of Baroda. Two of the four European contributors are Sir Valentine Chirol and Mrs. Besant. This conviction that something is owed to these "outcasts" and that they have undeveloped mental powers and capacities for usefulness is almost wholly due to the educational work of the missionaries among them. Some of their children have competed successfully in university examinations with Brahmans and other privileged classes, and are to be found occupying positions of honor and responsibility in most departments of the public services, as also in the learned professions of law, medicine, and theology.

Science

TO BETTER THE RACE.

The Task of Social Hygiene. By Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

At first glance this book may seem to the reader a departure from the topics to which the author has devoted himself. Ellis declares, however, that it has been growing slowly for about twenty-five years and represents the general attitude of his other work with some extension in various directions. In no way is it the outcome of a sudden impulse or based on any popular demand from the extended and extending movement which is now going on and which, we may add, manifests increasingly hysterical tendencies. He purposes to con-

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sider selected problems of progress, but with a clear perception that there is no general progress in nature, even the groups that progress paying the price of that progress by some loss. The task of this hygiene is not to make sewers, but to remake love, with the mission of bringing a new joy and a new freedom into life; a serious scheme—to some almost a religion—but a scheme in which every man and every woman will soon be called on to take a share.

The introductory chapter points out that social hygiene is really a development of that social reform of the second quarter of the nineteenth century which came when modern industrialism, grown from small beginnings in the previous century, began to manifest conditions subversive of individuality. This reform cleaned up cities and policed them, regulated conditions of work, developed national education, and finally began to safeguard the child and to extend the guardianship to the prospective mother. In such an outline Ellis obviously has English conditions more clearly in mind; but the outline will serve. The characteristic feature of the movement is that for the most part it dealt with an improvement of the conditions of life, concerning itself little or not at all with quantity or quality. As the movement has gone on quite a different feature has been added, or at least has come to the fore: the sense of social responsibility, now growing into a sense of racial responsibility. Thus it is that we have come to have a widespread interest in eugenics in the sense of a really scientific study of the influences which make for the betterment of the race and the conscious and deliberate application of our knowledge of these influences, which is a very different programme from that of some over-zealous eugenists. Some forms of eugenics are really of great age, but Ellis holds that Campanella, three centuries ago, was the real prophet of the science, without, however, for a moment wishing to depreciate the importance of Galton's share in arousing an indifferent public. Galton clearly understood that human breeding can never be carried on in the same way as animal breeding. He recognized that man needs knowledge, not legislation. Animals may be bred from the outside, compulsorily; but in the case of man, intelligence and will must work together and with a sense of responsibility. The problem of the race has become one of quality, aggeneration rather than regeneration, since this involves the idea of a previous degeneration which for the race is not really in evidence. Families come and go, aristocracies arise and then fall, but these are in themselves no distinct indication of racial decadence. There is perpetual social regeneration. "The world is forever dying. The world is also forever bursting with life." The diminishing birth-rate has no terrors for him, as he shows at length in a later chapter.

After this introduction come eleven chapters enlarging upon these questions and touching upon other matters related to the general subject. Considerable space is given to the woman question, which is held to be largely one with eugenics, since the breeding of man is to so great an extent in the hands of women. A portion of this is a simple reprint of a magazine article twenty-five years old. Here, in considering the development of the movement, the suggestion is made that its modern advocates may well take Mary Wollstonecraft for a model as to genuine insight concerning questions of the social condition of women. In the next chapter, on the newer aspects of the movement, there is some repetition, but this is more than redeemed by an account of the growth of the woman question in Germany and in some other parts of Europe. The suffragette outburst is more or less condoned, or even thought to be good in awakening an interest in the movement in those who had not thought about it before. Of course, this was written before the recent manifestations which may well awaken doubts as to the ability of women to handle public affairs. This is an important practical outcome of the movement, and involves questions the seriousness of which does not seem to appeal to our author. No doubts trouble him in his advocacy because he looks upon suffrage as merely incidental and has no fears that women by gaining the freedom they seek will spoil their position. The sexual instinct, he is sure, may be trusted to keep the halo bright even amid the disenchantment of co-education, and the independence of women will restore to sexual selection its due weight in human development. On the other hand, it is foolish to exaggerate the expectations of great things merely because they are new, and to talk of a new heaven and a new earth when it possibly may prove to be merely a new purgatory and a new hell. The real gain, he thinks, will be that woman becomes an independent factor in the racial uplift—and as to romantic love, to which an entertaining section is devoted, it is declared probable that true romantic love is yet to come. The growth of its ideals must be based on facts carefully gathered and considered, and ought to be no longer hampered by an utterly mistaken comparison with animal breeding.

The waning interest in family history, inferred from the disappearance of the family Bible, furnishes the text for a discussion of records and their keeping that there may be information necessary to permit forecasts as to the probable character of offspring. We feel pretty sure that this will prove to be the greatest problem in the eugenistic programme and are skeptical of the solution given here; in fact, we doubt if Ellis quite fully appreciates the difficulty. The eugenic ideal can be established only by a gradual absorption, and when effective will act unconsciously.

Coming to the education of the child, Ellis points out that here we deal with an uncompromising rationalist and realist who accepts only what answers his needs. The usual religious teaching has little value, and early piety is almost certainly pathological. As to sex hygiene, the teaching has been and still is unqualifiedly bad. Ancient half-truths are taught dogmatically. The teaching has been bad because partial; it remains bad because there are no qualified teachers, not even the parents having the proper knowledge or fitness. The obvious inference that it might be well to begin at the top and educate downwards does not seem to be drawn, but stress is laid upon the dangers involved and the desirability of taking time in these matters and going slowly, small comfort to some enthusiasts on this side the ocean who wish to do things, and that overnight. And in the next chapter, in a very helpful consideration of the futility of expecting a regulation of general morality by rigid laws and hasty legislation, short cuts to the millennium, the point is well made again that training in sex hygiene will accomplish little if there go with it no training in moral responsibility.

The remaining chapters deal with questions which are a little more remote, and the discussion of them, although highly entertaining, calls for less comment. First comes the removal of war, the war against war, and Ellis points out at length the conditions which in time may bring this about, but he reminds the reader that, even if some union of the greater nations should be made to this end, there will always be the possibility of war behind it all, that *ultima ratio* concerning which men otherwise as far apart in time and thought as William Penn and Jules de Gaulthier are in accord. The possibility of an international language is considered at some length, with an admirable summary of the efforts thus far made. The philologists would probably complain that their side of the problem gets no adequate statement. Although to Ellis there is no longer any probability that English will become the world language, he urges that if that did happen it would be a great detriment to English people, because they would then have but one language and no sort of compulsion to learn another, a condition which leads to degeneracy, the defect of the English mind being its insularity. He might have added that the American mind from this point of

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view is even more insular. The final chapter deals with Individualism and Socialism and deserves attention particularly from those that are taking a first plunge into the deeper waters of Socialism. To be brief, Ellis holds out that after all in their modern forms these are largely matters of temperament, and in practice are by no means so far apart as the leaders and shouters would have us believe. Socialists and individualists are born, not made, and the common man is both without any practical difficulty. "No one needs Individualism in his water supply, and no one needs Socialism in his religion," and, as Ellis has elsewhere pointed out, marriage is individualistic and the concern of individuals, but procreation is very much the concern of society.

"Intensive Farming," by L. C. Corbett; "Pigeon Raising," by Alice MacLeod, and "Taxidermy," by L. L. Pray, are forthcoming additions to the Outing Publishing Co.'s Handbooks.

Forthcoming publications of McBride, Nast & Co. include: "Practical Tree Repair," by Elbert Peets; "Making Fences, Walls and Hedges," by F. C. Hallard; "Making Built-in Furniture," by Abbott McClure, and "The Lighting Book," by F. Laurent Godinez.

The following are science books in Holt's autumn list: "The Wonder of Life," by Prof. J. Arthur Thomson; "The Living Plant," by Prof. William F. Ganong; "Science from an Easy Chair," by Sir E. Ray Lankester, and "Popular Botany," by A. E. Knight and Edward Step, 2 vols.

"The Adventures of an Elephant Hunter" (Macmillan), by James Sutherland, is the narrative neither of a sportsman nor a scientist, but of one whose primary aim was the money value of the tusks of the elephants slain. If this imparts to the book something of the odor of the shambles, it is nevertheless true that the author gives a very interesting presentation of certain features of African jungle life, with which his serious business has brought him into close and prolonged contact. Against sportsmen who are dull in their perception of the ethical requirements of sport, Mr. Sutherland occasionally defends his own position with some spirit. For instance, "When an old hunter chances, in his reading, to come across an account of three white men all helping each other to kill one poor lion, he feels his gorge rise, and, after making every possible allowance for the state of modern civilized nerves, is disgusted to think that such a wretched farce should masquerade under the name of sport." He does not agree with the view that big game in Africa is in process of rapid extermination. Taking into consideration the many game reservations in the Congo State, in German, Portuguese, and British East Africa, and Uganda, the thousands of square miles of uninhabited territory in different places where the hunter rarely appears, and the recent promulgation of laws for the protection of big game by all civilized countries having African possessions, he predicts a decided increase in the numbers of such game. Such an outcome he regards as a serious calamity, since the tse-tse fly, so deadly to domestic animals, follows the big game, breeds in its droppings, and varies with its increase or diminution, thus materially affecting the possibility of successful colonization by Europeans. "The matter reduces itself to the simple question—is Africa going to serve as a colony for surplus European populations, or as a collection of big game preserves?" Possibly modern science and the intelligent conservationist may be able to avoid so harsh an alternative. The author has for many years maintained his health and spirits in the jungle with a success for which his specific is, a fundamentally sound physical constitution, ability to get along without the "good things" of this life, a mental balance that can withstand moral temptation in its worst form, and that equable temperament which refuses to be worried by the petty disappointments and discomforts of a pioneer's life. Mr. Sutherland adds to his other qualities something of the sly humorist, as when he puts into the mouths of his native trackers language of a complicated sentence structure and sesquipedalian diction sufficient to set a civilized listener to looking over their scanty clothing for a Phi Beta Kappa key.

Music

As the Verdi centenary approaches, all Italy is preparing to honor her greatest master. Milan, the country's musical metropolis, will have not only a series of Verdi performances, but a parade, on October 10, in which Italy's leading musical organizations will be represented, and many eminent artists will march personally. The parade will stop at Verdi's tomb, in the Casa di Riposo per Musicisti.

Professor Humperdinck is engaged on the orchestration of a new work for the stage which, it is announced, will surely be produced before the end of the year. It is not stated whether it is an opera or a play with incidental music. The text is by Robert Misch, and Adolph Fürstner in Berlin is the publisher. The hero of the work is Field-Marshal Blücher.

Dittersdorf in his day was accounted a greater man than Mozart. To-day his name is known only to students of the history of music. An orchestral serenade composed by him was played at a concert of ancient music in Baden-Baden last month. The programme included also a symphony in D major by Haydn, which had never before been played in public. The manuscript came from Prince Fürstenberg's library at Donaueschingen.

"MacDowell's music makes an appeal to the American public that nothing else does," says the Chicago pianist, Harold Henry, in *Musical America*. He is particularly enthusiastic about the "Keltic" sonata. He has played the MacDowell sonatas in his recitals through the Middle West, and has found that even in communities which were not particularly devoted to music, the works of America's foremost composer are always received with enthusiasm.

More and more the conviction is gaining ground that, while music is often a blessing, it is quite as often, if not oftener, a plague. A plague it certainly is in restaurants, and between the acts in theatres, and on the streets, which surely are quite noisy enough without bands or organ-grinders. As regards summer resorts, a writer in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* complains that bands have become a great nuisance at the famous "Kurorte," to which tens of thousands resort for rest and recuperation. Not only is it no longer possible to eat, or to read a newspaper, or to chat in peace, but one cannot any longer take a walk in the woods without being molested; for, with diabolical ingenuity, band-stands have been erected in the most romantic and formerly secluded spots, and often they are so close together that one can hear simultaneously two bands playing different pieces. For most patients bird song and the voices of forest trees would be infinitely more agreeable and soothing than the band music; wherefore, the writer referred to implores the physicians, whose word is law, to banish the bands altogether, or, at least, to restrict their activity.

The Austrian dramatic soprano, Lucy Weidt has been engaged to sing the part of Kundry at the production of Wagner's "Parsifal" in Milan on January 1, 1914.

Probably no feature of the past musical season abroad attracted more admiring attention than the series of concerts Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave in some of the cities of Germany. Since Rubinstein's historic concerts, nothing quite so big had been undertaken. What this other Russian pianist did was to illustrate in six concerts the development of the pianoforte concerto from Bach to the present day. Besides Bach, his list included Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann, Weber, Rubinstein, Liszt, Tchaikovsky, Brahms, Saint-Saëns, Rachmaninoff. In addition to playing these pieces, Mr. Gabrilowitsch also appeared as conductor of some of the works on the programmes. In both capacities he got glowing tributes from the critics of the leading newspapers of Berlin, Munich, Dresden, and other cities. One of the epithets bestowed on him was: "the most many-sided of living pianists."

Paderewski's piano concerto will be played in this country next season by Katherine Goodson, who has been at Morges this summer to get his ideas as to its interpretation. The neglect of this work by concert pianists has been a detriment to themselves, as well as to the public, for it is one of the most inspired and genuinely pianistic works of its kind. Mme. Goodson's revival of it will probably lead to its general adoption by the professional concert-givers.

Arthur Nikisch, after receiving ovations in London as conductor of the Wagner operas at Covent Garden, returned to Berlin to arrange the Philharmonic concert programmes for next season. Among the novelties he intends to conduct are a sinfonietta by E. W. Korngold, Richard Strauss's "Festliches Praeludium," Georg Schumann's Variations on the choral "Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten," and a symphony by Heinrich Zöllner, presumably

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the third, in D minor (opus 130), which is to be printed in Bremen this month, and the first performance of which will be at a Gurzenich concert in Cologne. Professor Nikisch has also placed on his list Strauss's "Domestica," Elgar's "Cockaigne" overture, and a serenade by Dvorák.

One-act operas are to be the fashion in Italy next season. Puccini, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Giordano, Franchetti, and others are said to be at work on them. Concerning Puccini's, it is reported in Italian journals that its name will be "Il Tabarro," and that it is based on a French play by Gold—a play which evidently took "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" for models. It is "verism" at its worst. The mantle, after which the opera is named, belongs to a fisherman who folds it about his wife's lover, after murdering him on a boat; and when the wife comes to embrace him, he removes the mantle, and bids her embrace the corpse.

Art

GASTON LA TOUCHE.

PARIS, July 15.

A painter has died whose work was purely for the pleasure of the eye and of the imagination, which is the mind's eye. Before our late painters began putting doctrines into their work, his painting would have been accepted with no after-thought as Art.

> But the Devil whoops as he whooped of old:
> It's clever, but is it art?

The painting of Gaston La Touche is art, negatively and positively. It is a rebirth of Watteau when Watteau's world is forever dead; but La Touche has seen it through magic casements where his winged fancy has been let loose to roam. His friend Rostand describes such art in verses like itself, written for a catalogue of La Touche's work five years ago:

> 'Tis a dream and holiday
> Fairer far than we can say.
> A Court carriage here he brushes,
> Mirrored in a fording place;
> And its red reflection rushes
> Exploding o'er the water's face—
> An umbelliferous fusee
> Such as he can make us see.
> And he hangs his lamps of gold
> To the blue of the forest old,
> While higher far than we can handle
> Up he sends his Roman candle.

There is all this and much more in the art of Gaston La Touche. With all apology to the poet for the translation of his lines, his poetry does for the imagination what the painter's colors do. Cyrano with echoes of real loves and battles, and La Touche's ladies and gallants from a still more real Versailles, have alike been planted by their artists

> Amid a world how different from this!

The painter's slumberous yellows, for which he has been criticised, do but add the gleam,

> The light that never was on sea or land.

And so we might go on from Keats to Wordsworth, capping verses to express the sane heart's gratitude, in the present drought of school-mastering science and in grooves of change down which the world now spins to machine music, for these visions of fresh life—

> Beside a sea that could not cease to smile,
> On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

So long as art ranges from puzzles to physiology, no insistence can be too great on the salutary fact that an artist has been found in Gaston La Touche who painted for pleasure—his own first, and the beholder's afterward. And all his art was in the pleasant land where he was born.

This was at Saint-Cloud. He was sixteen years old when the German invasion came to burn and destroy the palace in which the Second Empire had shown him an authentic imitation of Versailles just beyond, with its shadows of grand ladies and gentlemen leading their lives of lasting ease among the trees and statues and fountains of the glorious park. The vision got into his head and it would never out. In vain his family struggled against such a vocation.

First, he would paint. He found his way to Manet, who was the terror of art authorities of that day, and, to tell the truth, is answerable for much of the Art Terror which is imposed on our suffering eyes to-day. From him the untrained youth learned never to admit to his palette any pigment of bituminous black—and he has never done so. Then he found his way across the forest to the engraver Bracquemond, who made him see the necessity of line-drawing, which new Art vituperates like the fox who cried that the grapes were sour. Gaston La Touche was all his life a believer, and he recognized when his colors ran ahead of his drawing. To a critic who made the remark, he sent half his visiting card with the words scribbled on it: "Half thanks for half a compliment."

He found out for himself the sunny capabilities of water colors; and his solitary, unpatronized hard work forced a way for him into the high and dry official Salons. In 1884, at thirty, he won a third medal and a second four years later, and the silver medal—never quite the highest official honor—at the Paris Exposition of 1889. Next year he joined the secession of the Champ de Mars which is now the semi-official Société Nationale. He lived to see himself elected president of its painting section—a supreme honor.

To tell the truth, Gaston La Touche's life was solitary like his art. A loving wife stood between him and the petty cares and annoyances of life; and he found among his children a little world of content. Then he had fit friends, though few. Among them was Walter Gay, an American painter who in far-off ways resembled him most. Both lived and loved amid past glories of Versailles—Walter Gay in painting faithfully interiors whence the student of artistic furniture and decoration may learn the details of art styles; and La Touche in peopling the Grand Monarch's park with "shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses."

Swans mingle with court ladies bathing in marble pools; and fauns and satyrs with cloven hoof grin through foliage resplendent in alternate sheen and shadow. The gold of autumn leaves strews bosky nooks. In the real lives, as we know, there were tragedy and hate; but the painter has doubly distilled all into fair comedy and love. What is the use of remembrance and history, if we cannot draw from it romance that has abandoned our own gray world? When wrangling artists who insist sourly on painting only what they see shall be forgotten, Gaston La Touche will still find mortals to gaze on his pictures with delight—because he has painted what he did not see in Saint-Cloud of to-day.

With his sunny play of imagination, there went a great air of distinction—something so wanting to most painters of to-day. It was also in his own retiring manner and in his confidence, when it had been won. It was not a family inheritance, for he, too, was of the people. Perhaps, the aura of royal days, without their petty shadows, floats over all this region. Edmund Spenser had another such imagination when he sang of sweet Thames, running softly.

Gaston La Touche, in like wise, a flock of nymphs chanced to espy among the swans of Versailles's waters. He was not of the new cosmopolitan France from which art and poesy have long been swiftly fleeing, but a true heir of its past ages, of which he painted present visions. He has died a comparatively young man, not yet sixty; but his art was perennially young. He said of himself:

> Painting was always my fixed idea. My parents held out against it, and I am thankful to them for it—for their opposition only anchored me more firmly to my prefference. I needed to draw just as one needs to eat and drink. S. D.

Miss Elsie de Wolfe has put into a book the chronicle of her experiences as interior decorator. It will bear the title, "The House in Good Taste," and will be published by the Century Co.

Among the art books announced by McBride, Nast & Co. are "House Furnishing and Decoration," by Abbot McClure and H. D. Eberlein; "Symbolism in Architecture," by Arthur H. Collins, and "A History of English Glass Painting," by Maurice Drake.

Elizabeth Haig, in "Floral Symbolism of the Great Masters" (Dutton, illustrated),

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has chosen an attractive theme, and has carried out her task with considerable diligence and enthusiasm. Besides the flowers of symbolic meaning—chiefly the lily, the rose, the carnation, and violet—the palm is treated, and also the symbolism of fruit. Perhaps the most interesting features of the symbolistic process are the extension of the use of the lily, to signify purity, and the consecration of the rose, Venus's flower, to indicate celestial love. The cucumber, which appears so often in pictures of the early Paduan school, is interpreted as Jonah's gourd, the symbol of death and resurrection. A study of Gentile da Fabriano's pictures, particularly on the flower-decked frame of the great Adoration, would have supplied our author with excellent examples. In general, one may cavil only at an unnecessary profusion of misprints and at a few misleading statements. That Siena, the City of the Virgin, preferred the cult of the Christ Child to that of his Mother needs demonstration. Schöngauer's prints are erroneously called drawings. Botticelli's Santo Spirito altar-piece is not lost, but is a chief ornament of the Berlin Gallery. The best modern opinion accepts Giotto's authorship of the Dante portrait in the Bargello. The Virgin's Adoration of the Child is not of fifteenth century invention, but may be traced far back into the fourteenth. It is drawn from the "Meditations" ascribed to St. Bonaventura. Such minor corrections could be multiplied, but it is enough to say that this unpretentious essay is interesting to read and adequate as a popular presentation of the theme.

David C. Preyer, art critic, met his death in New York on Tuesday by falling from a window of his apartment. He was sixty years old and a native of Holland. Besides articles contributed to the publications of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in which institution he was actively interested, he wrote books on works in foreign museums. It is said that he had visited every important museum in the world.

Finance

FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES OF THE HARVESTS.

Not often has the outcome of the great agricultural harvests of the United States been awaited with greater interest than this year, and not often has the result, as thus far indicated, promised contrasts so remarkable. The Department of Agriculture's monthly estimate, on the condition and promise of the various grain crops, was published last Friday afternoon. Comparison of its report with that of a month before was certain to give a broad view of what had happened to the crops, for good or ill, during July. That month, as it happened, was a period when prolonged and severe drought in the Southwestern corn belt beyond the Mississippi, was known to have injured the corn crop very seriously, but when, at the same time, the harvesting of the winter-sown wheat crop and the growth of the spring-sown wheat were known to have progressed most favorably.

Summed up, the report cut down the corn crop's "average condition" as compared with the opening of July, by 11 per cent. It showed a loss of 299,000,000 bushels for the country from expectations of a month ago; a shrinkage of almost exactly 10 per cent. The estimated loss in Kansas—98,000,000 bushels—is sensational; it amounts virtually to a crop failure, the condition being only 30 per cent. of normal, and the indicated yield only 62,000,000, as against 174,000,000 last year. But the Government report also showed winter wheat to be an absolute high record. It raised the estimate on winter wheat 27,000,000 bushels above the June forecast, and increased the spring wheat estimate 15,000,000. The indicated total wheat crop is only 4,000,000 bushels under the record-breaking harvest of 1901. In particular, the three soft winter wheat States—Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio—whose wheat crop failed last year, have raised 86,000,000 bushels more than they then produced, and have harvested a normal crop.

The unpleasant fact in regard to the corn crop is that last Friday's Government estimate, large as is the reduction in the crop's condition from a month ago, does not by any means represent the full measure of damage done. The Government based its estimate on returns sent in at the close of July; but the fierce heat and drought have continued, especially in Kansas, Nebraska, and Oklahoma, ever since, and the damage has necessarily been progressive. The grain trade believes that, if the actual present status were translated into figures, the condition percentage would be 5 to 10 points below the Government's; some private estimates of this week have figured up total loss of 300,000,000 bushels thus far in August, on top of July's 299,000,000 loss.

If we take the Department figures as they stand, the showing is not so disastrous. The Department's actual estimate of the country's probable yield of corn, though falling 450,000,000 bushels below the record-breaking harvest of 1912, nevertheless exceeded the final yield of such other recent years as 1911, 1909, 1908, and 1907. But all these comparisons were necessarily superseded by the fact that the destructive drought and heat, in the Southwestern corn States, continued uninterruptedly up to the present week. Therefore the question came up for fair consideration, what was to be the bearing of this agricultural misfortune on the industrial welfare of the country as a whole, this coming twelvemonth.

The famous years of "corn crop shortage" have left a somewhat varied record. The older generation would remember, as possibly the most calamitous of all, the year 1881, when the country's corn yield decreased half a billion bushels, to by far the lowest figure since the railways had brought the trans-Missouri corn fields into close touch with Eastern markets. It was so, however, because the drought which burned up the country's corn destroyed a great part of its other crops as well. The year's wheat output of the United States dropped off a hundred million bushels; its cotton crop was hurt. A blow was dealt to the extravagant Stock Exchange speculation of the period, and to general business.

For a quite different reason, the still more famous corn crop shortage of 1894 was long remembered. It came in an unlucky year. The country was just emerging from a great financial panic; it was confronted with widespread insolvency of firms and corporations, and with a labor uprising which went so far as to seize almost the entire transportation facilities of Chicago. Under such circumstances, the 400,000,000-bushel loss in corn seemed like a finishing stroke to all prospects of revival, even though the year's harvest of other crops was fair.

There is left, in the list for the past three or four decades, the "corn crop failure" of 1901. The most singular fact about that event is that people seldom recall or think of it—this notwithstanding that the actual shrinkage, from the by no means "bumper" yield of the preceding year, was greater than that of either 1894 or 1881. The reason for this attitude towards that latest sweeping corn crop disaster lay no doubt partly in the fact that surrounding and visible prosperity was so great as to obscure the incident. Prosperity did in fact continue after 1901, on an extensive scale. But economic students would probably give another answer to the question why the shortage in corn, that year, was felt so little.

Except for that one crop, it was a year of "bumper harvests." The country's wheat yield then touched the maximum of our history, before or since; the cotton crop ran close to the previous maximum. In other words, the agricultural outcome, taken as a whole, was such as to leave the failure of the corn crop a minor event of an undoubtedly prosperous twelvemonth.

Perhaps the greatest interest in these three comparisons lies in the fact that, even granting far more disastrous results to the corn harvest than were indicated in last week's Government report, the harvested winter wheat crop and the present promise for spring wheat and cotton are repeating the story of 1901. It is a case, in other words, for the balancing of unexpectedly good agricultural results against the unexpectedly bad. Even the Stock Exchange has not yet interpreted the news from the corn belt as a formidable obstacle to the progress of financial recovery.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, P. S. Opus Epistolarum Des Erasmi Roterodami. Tom. III, 1517-19. Oxford University Press.

Beddoe, D. M. The Lost Mameluke: A Tale of Egypt. Dutton. $1.35 net.

Begbie, Harold. Rising Dawn. Doran. $1.25 net.

Bradshaw's Through Routes to the Chief Cities and Bathing and Health Resorts of the World. New edition. London: Blacklock & Co.

Buckrose, J. E. Because of Jane. Doran. $1.25 net.

Cook, E. A. Christian Faith for Men of To-day. University of Chicago Press. $1.25 net.

Craig, Austin. Lineage, Life, and Labors of José Rizal, Philippine Patriot. Yonkers, N. Y.: World Book Co. $2.50.

Fraser, A. K. A Garden of Spices. Doran. $1.25 net.

Hague, W. G. The Eugenic Mother and Baby. Chicago: Hague Pub. Co.

Hirst, F. W. The Six Panics, and Other Essays. London: Methuen.

Jones, J. M. A Welsh Grammar. Oxford University Press.

Judson, F. N. The Judiciary and the People. New Haven: Yale Univ. Press. $1.35 net.

Langer, Angela. Rue and Roses. Doran. $1.25 net.

Marvin, F. S. The Living Past: a Sketch of Western Progress. Oxford University Press.

Minnesota Academy of Social Sciences. Papers and Proceedings of the Sixth Annual Meeting.

Montgomery, Louise. The American Girl in the Stockyards District. Univ. of Chicago Press.

Newbigin, M. I. Animal Geography. Oxford Univ. Press.

Regesta Regum Anglo-Normannorum, 1066-1154. Vol. I, Regesta Willelmi Conquestoris et Willelmi Rufi, 1066-1100, edited with intro., notes, and indexes, by H. W. C. Davis. Oxford Univ. Press.

Rosett, J. The Quandary: A Play in Three Acts. Baltimore: Phœnix Press.

Southall, J. P. C. The Principles and Methods of Geometrical Optics. Second edition. Macmillan. $5.50 net.

Plaisted, L. L. Handwork and its Place in Early Education. Oxford Univ. Press.

Phillips, U. B. The Life of Robert Toombs. Macmillan. $2 net.

Phillips, H. A. Art in Short Story Narration. Larchmont, N. Y.: Stanhope-Dodge Pub. Co. $1.50.

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